The Forum

MAY, 1923

NEED OF DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP

By RONALD TREE

DURING the last three months, the attention of the country has been directed toward the Presidential election of 1924 and the columns of the newspapers and magazines have been filled with references of the event almost to the exclusion of other world-wide events. Many names have been handed 'round, many characters have been mentioned and discussed, without disclosing much more than is hitherto known. One fact is apparent. Most of the talk comes from the Republican side. It is mostly Republicans who are discussed. There are two reasons for this. First, that the Republicans fully realize they are facing a disaster as great as that which swamped Democracy in 1920 if they do not make a drastic house cleaning; secondly, that they have a wealth of discussable candidates whereas leadership in the Democratic Party is practically non-existent, and—such as it is—greatly disorganized.

Such a statement as this might well be classed as sweeping if the facts did not present themselves so clearly. It is quite possible to reel off at a moment's notice a half dozen Republicans of the calibre of which Presidents are made, but in the Democratic ranks no such visualization is pos-

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sible. In fact, the two or three names of men worthy to be classed as Presidential timber meet with so much objection that it is possible that not any one of them will even seek the election. Yet despite this fact, the chances of a Democratic success have never appeared rosier. From the Civil War, and the period of reconstruction to 1912, with the election of Woodrow Wilson, may well be termed "The Golden Age of the Republican Party." Throughout that time only twice was a Democrat elected to the White House—in 1884 and again in 1892 in the person of Grover Cleveland. For a short while it looked very much as if Grover Cleveland would assume the moral leadership of the Democratic Party and be able, with the help of his cohorts to direct its policy along the lines of moderation and success, but toward the end of his administration the power gradually slipped from his hands and, in 1896, the leadership was assumed by Bryan and the Western progressive element of the Democratic Party, who imagined that they could solve all the troubles of the Western farmers by substituting paper money of a silver standard for the gold basis. Bryan completely submerged the Democratic Party, and deferred any hope of its success for a period of sixteen years. Not only did he do this, but he also managed to disorganize it to such an extent that the scars that he left behind still occasionally open wide.

With the elections of 1912 came the passing of the old and the birth of the new. In the Democratic Party conditions did not appear any too good, but luckily for them the Republican Party—generally so admirably managed—in an election year, quarrelled within itself. Taft wanted to be renominated, whereas Roosevelt sought a third term for himself. Now a third term is one of those indefinable ghostlike somethings that go to haunt the paths of many Presidents. So far not one of them has been able to remove the prejudices created by a chance word of the founder of the country when he declined himself to stand for re-election in 1796.

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Since that time, several Presidents have been mentioned for a third term, but they themselves have always hastened to assure the people that there is nothing behind the story and that it is the last thing in the world that they wish. Then came 1912 and with it Roosevelt, backed by a large following of the Republican Party. Roosevelt's case differed in one slight particular from the rest in that although he had already served two terms at the White House, the first one came owing to the assassination of McKinley and not from the vote of the people. He could, therefore, assume with some versimilitude that he had only once been actually elected President, and that in theory he would merely be serving a second term instead of a third. This quibbling held little weight beyond the fact that he was able to convince himself and consequently his followers that he was not attempting to declare himself Constitutional Monarch of the country or a Dictator, but was merely attempting to get certain legislation very dear to his heart, and which he had been unable to finish during the Presidency, made the law of the land.

Consequently the Republican Party settled itself into two camps. As many of the supporters of Roosevelt as were able to gulp down the fears of what might possibly result from a third term joined the ranks of Roosevelt, while the G. O. P. solidly stood for its ancient doctrine that any President who asks for the renomination can have it and voted for Taft. It was entirely due to the split that the Democratic Party was able to win the day and appoint to the White House Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, and late President of Princeton University.

The reasons that had compelled Bryan to put Wilson forward as a Democratic candidate were several. Bryan, after three futile attempts to run himself as a candidate realized that his election was impossible and set himself to find a man who might prove acceptable to the public and yet would have to depend on his, Bryan's, strength in order to be elected. His choice fell on John Sharp Wil-

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iams, of Mississippi, who, however, was unable to win sufficient votes at the Convention to be elected Democratic candidate. The more solid members of the party, men such as Walter Hines Page, Edwin Alderman and Colonel Edward M. House, who had long since known and admired Wilson, put forward his name as a candidate, and as the Convention had been unable to agree on any given candidate, the choice fell upon him. Thanks, however, to the Republican split and to the devious ways of the Democratic Convention, Mr. Wilson came to the White House and after a period of sixteen years a Democratic Administration once more reigned in Washington.

The country during that period had changed vastly within itself. The days when a silver-tongued orator from out of the West could sway great multitudes of the people by the very absurdity of his contentions had passed on to their last rest. Gone, too, was the power of the political fiinancial combine when the politicians agreed to let the financiers go their own way unhampered if they in turn would leave politics for the politicians. The country, moreover, was waking up to the realization of its real standing in the world. President Roosevelt's manipulation of the Russo-Japanese delegates at Portsmouth, and the U. S. Convention in Cuba and the Philippines all helped to open its eyes to its own world-wide importance. Only the world war and the voice of its great war President remained to bring us in eight short years to the very doors of the League of Nations, a thing as unheard of in 1896 as it would have been in 1796. The eight years of the Wilson administration are still too fresh in the minds of the American people to bear either rehashing or repeating. The first two years of domestic affairs, the two and a half long years of neutrality, the period of war and lastly that of peace followed by illness and defeat remain before our eyes still fresh. Out of it all there moves with a certain air of detached majesty the figure of Woodrow Wilson, even greater in his hour of defeat than when his

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word was listened to with awe by the whole of the civilized world. Wilson came to the Democratic Party at a moment when it was disorganized and still bowed down from the many years of discouragement, defeat and failures; he left it, despite the overwhelming defeat of 1920, a great national party in every way on an equal footing with its opponents.

That President Wilson had faults, grave faults, not even his greatest admirer can deny. In fact, it may safely be said that his faults led to the ultimate failure of the hope dearest to his heart—the League of Nations. If Wilson had pursued another course in 1918, and had taken to Paris with him such Republicans as Mr. Root or Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, there is little doubt that the League of Nations would have been accepted by a majority of the American people. Be that as it may, Wilson returned to this country a beaten man.

The elections of 1920 had naturally to be fought out on the issues which Wilson had attempted to put through—The League of Nations and, unfortunately for him, came at a time when the name of Europe and war were anathema to the country. Prosperity was rampant, the war was over and Europe was far away. The result was the overwhelming defeat of Wilson, and Democracy was once more swept aside, but in no way can the defeat of 1920 be classed with the Cleveland defeat of 1896. The Republicans came in in 1920 because they promised a panacea to all the natural evils attendant upon a great war. They promised that we should in no way interfere with Europe, that taxes should be revised, that prices would go down and that a Golden Age would once more descend upon the country. The Golden Age, however, has failed to appear, and in its place has come a realization that America cannot remove herself from the rest of the world as she could thirty years ago. The promises of the Republican Party have failed to be achieved, and except for certain outstanding incidents President Harding, his Cabinet and his Party have done

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little to remove the ills that beset us more and more every day. It is beginning to be realized by the people of the United States that a figurehead in the White House surrounded by a strong and avaricious Congress is in no way comparable to the forces of a real President, and that Wilson with all his faults was at least a great leader.

Today the outlook for the Democratic Party is hopeful and many will think that this is a most moderate expression. Disgust with the present administration, resentment over its inefficiency and anger at the charges of corruption, have turned the people's backs on Washington, and it is a safe thing to say that they look to the Democratic Party to give them relief from a situation that even Republicans admit is intolerable.

What are the Democrats going to do about it? They have the issues, they have a disappointed country ready to follow them if they will provide the proper leadership. Herein lies the Democratic problem. Many men are mentioned—against all of whom there are minor and major objections urged. There is no one commanding figure. There is no one who, like Wilson, can immediately assume with one speech or a statement or two the moral generalship of an army that is simply waiting for the Commander. The danger of the situation for the Democratic Party is that unless some man does appear who will seem to be of sufficient intellect and political statue, the bosses of the party will meet in a darkened room and inflict on the party and on the people the same stupid kind of a leader that the Republicans had forced on them in Chicago in 1920. Against this tragic end every Democrat from now until June, 1924, must strive.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(5) Republican—Arthur Capper

By POLIS

ORDINARILY one would not expect a printer, editor and publisher to lead a farmer movement—but United States Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas is the exception. His position has no dependence on farming experience; probably he would make a sorry figure trying to plow a straight furrow across a Kansas field. Primarily it is because his constituents, at least those constitutents who elected him, reside mostly on farms. Along with it is possession of a temperament that makes him sensitive to the public pulse of his state, and agricultural empire, and gives him a keen knowledge of how to judge the patient's mental processes. Nor does he look like a farmer. Slender, almost diffident, deep-eyed as if from poring much over copy and proofs, seeking none of the graces of sartorial elegance or social dignity, he looks the part of a country editor grown into larger estate—and is rather proud of it. When he began making political speeches, Kansas audiences, accustomed to a glittering array of cheer-rousing orators from John J. Ingalls down to Henry J. Allen, smiled pityingly at the awkward, bashful personage who hesitatingly faced them. But as he talked, drawing his examples from the homely scenes on the farm and in simple earnestness reciting the problems of John and Mary striving for a competence, the appeal won. He does it better now—but thousands of addresses have not worn away the natural diffidence nor lessened the directness and simplicity. Without soaring hyperbole or thrilling perorations he "talks it over with the folks"—and the farmer audience goes away ready to vote for him and his program.

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Every politician is haunted by two questions: Of what are the people thinking now? and, Of what will they be thinking in the next campaign? If always he could answer these unerringly, he could select the president and dominate congress. The largest variant in politics is the shifting issue, a factor that upsets campaigns, heaps grief and recrimination on the committees and sprinkles the hair of the candidate with silver threads.

If you go out into Kansas and ask what public man best can judge what is the farming population's present attitude on a national issue, what particular political or economic storm is brewing, the reply will be "Arthur Capper." By friend and foe alike, the junior United States Senator from the Jayhawker State is given credit for having his ear closer to the "grass-roots" than any man in the commonwealth—and the political grass-roots' whisper this year is usually the roar of the next campaign. Mr. Capper's admirers are likely to claim that he has some uncanny power telling him what the folks out in Graham county are talking about, that he grasps out of the air a message as to the restlessness of farmers over in Oskaloosa—but there is nothing in it. He has simply applied the efficiency methods of a factory or of a wholesale jobbing establishment to the information side of politics, realizing the value of up-to-the-minute knowledge of public opinion.

Take his senatorial campaign. Several prominent Kansans were mentioned for the Republican nomination. Mr. Capper had—as he always has had—some first class political enemies. It was no sure thing that he was going to capture the prize. He wanted to know about the folks' ideas. So he selected ten scattered towns and ten scattered rural townships. To a friend in each he sent one hundred ballots containing three or four questions, such as, "Do you favor equal suffrage?" and other innocuous matters and the names of a dozen men of both parties with the query, "Which of these do you favor for United States Senator?" The ballots were to be placed in every house in a definite territory,

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regardless of the owner's politics, residence district blocks in towns and half a township in the country. They were to be marked by the recipients and unsigned. When the returns were in they showed that more than two-thirds of all those voting were for Capper—and the result of the campaign was easy to diagnose.

From the beginning of his political career he has sought the personal confidence of the average man. He likes to have the "folks back home" write to him—and they do. He is said to receive more personal mail, letters from the "folks"—not from office seekers—than any member of Congress. He reads them all and answers them, no matter how trivial. While the balloting plan was merely for political information, the personal letter contact is something more —Mr. Capper wants to know what folks are thinking. He is built that way. The instinct is temperamental and quite outside the political acumen which he has used at times to the consternation of his opponents.

Perhaps some of it is due to his newspaper training, for Mr. Capper is considerable of a grass-rooter himself. He was born in 1865, in Garnett, Kansas; worked in a country printing office, and in 1884 went to Topeka to a position as typesetter on the *Daily Capital* of which he is now owner. Graduating into the editorial rooms, he demonstrated his possession of a clear, limpid style of telling and a habit of getting at the bottom of a story. He was made city editor but wanted metropolitan experience and went to New York where he worked as a reporter for a year; then to Washington as the Capital's correspondent; came home and bought a farm paper and later an interest in the *Capital,* starting on his upward path in politics and business.

In 1912 Kansas was in the throes of one of its tempestuous political uprisings. Two factions of the Republican party struggled for control and the progressive faction, which was behind Capper, won, giving him the nomination for governor. Then the conservative side started a revolution and as a result the state had a Democratic governor for two

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years, Capper being defeated by 32 votes in a total of 335,-050 for the leading candidates. Two years later he was again a candidate and was elected, by 47,000 majority, serving two terms and in 1916 was elected senator by 162,-000 while Wilson carried the state by 37,000. As governor he was not pleasing to the spoilsman type of Republican; when he found a capable Democrat in a state position he left him there—but when he found poor service he used a club, no matter what the politics of the victim. He is not by nature militant nor was he in his administration—he worked at the job sincerely and gave the state a business-like service.

But a lot of things had happened since he bought that weekly farm paper. He had applied himself to getting at the grass-roots. Farm papers have existed in the Middle West since the days of settlement. Mostly they were edited with shears and lived precariously on live stock and patent medicine advertising. Mr. Capper believed it would pay to put into a farm paper the same sort of business efficiency that goes to make a successful magazine or city daily—hire high class editors, organize selling departments and go after business. Today he has nine farm papers, covering the country from Philadelphia to Kansas with a total weekly circulation of over 1,500,000; two daily papers, at Topeka and Kansas City, Kansas, with a total of 60,000 circulation; a political weekly with 600,000, and a home monthly with 1,250,000. He employs over 700 persons in his central building at Topeka and has a payroll of over a million dollars a year, all comprising one of the country's most remarkable publishing houses. Besides he has banking interests and various concerns, subsidiary to his main institution.

To all the more than three million readers of the various papers goes the Capper philosophy and the Capper policies. Not all his readers agree with them. Like his political opponents, some declare that there is too much tendency to arouse class strife, to agitate the producer with arguments

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and statistics showing that he is downtrodden, making for an unrest and failing to encourage constructive economic and political action. The other view is that it is necessary to arouse the producer before he will act and that along with advice on how to raise better beef and larger yields of wheat and alfalfa should be education in political and economic conditions that support may be gained for measures and men that will bring to the producer greater financial independence. Naturally with so many papers, each with its own manager, occasional contradictions occur, but on the whole the central theme is maintained: The farmer must exercise his own power and compel a return for his products that will give him a profit commensurate with his investment and labor.

His readers are encouraged to write to the publisher, questionnaires bring thousands of replies—no wonder a good guess as to what folks are thinking is possible.

Then there are the Calf Clubs and the Pig Clubs. Several years ago Capper started loaning money to boys and girls to buy live stock, taking the young folks' notes. Once a year the local clubs, each member having a calf or pig raised during the twelvemonth, makes a report and a reception is given at Topeka for the amateur stock owners. When the animal is sold the note is paid. Back of it is the idea that farm boys and girls should have something of their own and that by judicious selection the standard of Kansas stock will be raised. Politicans laugh at it as a shrewd political scheme to get the children of a family with the inevitable result that the parents will support the originator. But whatever may be the result in votes, it does get results for the younger generation. Over $200,000 has thus been loaned, without loss, interesting thousands of farm boys and girls in business methods and giving them a return for their labor in stock production. Scores of banks and some commercial clubs of the state do the same thing, but none on the wholesale scale adopted by Senator Capper. It may be partly politics but it is fine business.

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When Senator Capper went to Congress he took with him the idea that if the members from the producing area would unite and by their votes and influence work for agreed-upon bills, the farmer would secure legislation beneficial to his admittedly unsatisfactory condition. At the beginning this was an informal gathering of members from districts and states whose interests were closely affiliated with agricultural interests; later it was known as the "farm bloc." Along with the "bloc" came several organizations of farmers with national scope and shrewd managers. These worked with the new idea. They were able to arouse public interest in the efforts of the congressional group, including one-fourth the senate membership and a considerable representation in the House.

Senator Capper protests against charging the "farm bloc" with all the vast collection of bills introduced affecting farm interests. The rush of congressmen to "do something for the farmer" brought a weird collection of measures, most of them ill-digested and of more than doubtful value. In view of the attention given farm conditions since the price deflation and buyer's strike of 1921, Congress would probably have endeavored to help the farmer anyhow. The "bloc," according to Senator Capper, merely directed legislation into channels that had most promise of relief. Among the measures on which it focused attention were the extension of the Emergency Tariff on farm products, the high tariff on such products in the Fordney tariff bill, additional deposit for the Farm Land Bank, the packer control bill, the McNary bill, amending the War Finance Corporation's powers to furnish further farm credit, and the rural credit bill passed in the closing hours of the recent session. He is the author of the Capper-Volstead Co-operative marketing bill and the Capper-Tincher Future Trading act while the new Rural Credit Bank includes many features of a bill which he prepared, allowing the producer longer term in borrowing for current needs.

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Senator Capper has plenty of political enemies. In Kansas Republican "regulars" who once fought him and defeated him for governor in his first race have generally learned to respect him—for his hold on the farm population if for nothing else; some Kansas progressives were displeased at his refusal to leave the Republican party in past contests—but they realize his sympathy with many of their ideals. One large following deprecates the "bloc" idea in congress, holding that the breaking up of that body into groups leads to class legislation to the detriment of the general good. Then there is the farmer who had a dream that as soon as the "bloc" was formed the millenium would appear and his financial troubles would vanish. He still finds that if he entered the garden of pleasure through the gate of extravagance he must leave it by the gate of economy and scientific agriculture. All the blocs and all the laws only can furnish opportunity, the producer must work out his own salvation. If, through longer credit than the banks have been able to furnish, by co-operative marketing that will cut down middlemen's charges, by lower freight rates as transportation comes back to normal, he can increase the price of his product, he will be making progress. The intelligent farmer is realizing this and such helpfulness as has been extended by the "farm bloc" meets with his approval, even if it has not brought immediately financial independence. Certainly the movement has forced the needs and condition of agriculture to the fore—which was exactly what its sponsors desired.

Senator Capper meets also the charge that he has changed his views on matters of public policy — but so has the public. And that checks back to the close touch he has maintained with the "folks," the farmers and people of small means, the masses of workers who depend on agriculture. Perhaps he takes the view that a political leader can accomplish most by sensitiveness to the public's pulse and that thereby mass ideas may be formulated more easily into beneficial measures. But a charge that Arthur Capper is

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merely a cold-blooded politician, "making medicine" by any means that comes to his hand, is unjust. Those who know him and come in touch with his winning but modest personality, know better. He may be mistaken at times; doubtless he has been led into unusual paths by his exuberant faith in new remedies for the farmer's economic ills —but ever he has worked at the job hopefully, seeking definite results for the producer. The fact that he has made a marvelous financial success, that he has demonstrated his ability in farm paper publishing where the way is strewn with wrecks, that his own business success depends on the country's prosperity, ought to be evidence of his sincere interest in the advancement of business as a whole.

The 1924 campaign in which Senator Capper will run for re-election is some months away. It is likely that before and during it, Kansas will listen to excited utterances to the effect that it needs a "dirt farmer" or a lawyer for senator. Then Arthur Capper will go out to the little towns in the rural sections and before audiences that crowd the halls will quietly and earnestly in homely phrase "talk it over with the folks"—and the polls may as well be closed.

Another thing—there's a national phase. Any man who can guess right on what the "grass-roots" population is thinking, who is in touch with three million readers every week, becomes a national figure. Last summer up in a little town in Vermont a native saw the Kansas tag on my car and came up to ask, "Do you know Arthur Capper? Tell me about him." Down in Tennessee the mail carrier was driving two horses instead of one. "This is the day the Capper papers come," he explained, "it means a heavier load."

If some day a real farmer movement should come—not a radical uprising engineered by hair-raising politicians but a sanely organized, well-balanced effort to name a farm advocate for president—and if Arthur Capper continues to wield and extend his present influence—well, you never can tell.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(5) Democrat—John W. Davis

By DEMOS

JOHN W. DAVIS of West Virginia starts in the Democratic Presidential race with one great advantage over all his rivals. He is better and more generally known to more public men than any of them. He starts with one great disadvantage. He is less known to the general public than any of them. After all, as a general thing the public makes the nomination, either directly or negatively. That is, it may be so strongly in favor of a man as to force his nomination, or it may be so much against everybody as to force the politicians to go outside the field, as happened to the Republicans in 1880. As a general thing, the disadvantage of such a place as Davis holds outweighs the advantage. The only thing that can be said in favor of his present position is that 'tis better to have known a few than never to have been known by all.

The public, noting the way in which Davis suddenly rises on stones of his dead self to higher things, and how ambassadorships and Presidential booms descend on him without any previous awareness on their part of his existtence, are surprised each time. The fact is that not only do all public men know Davis, but they all know him favorably. He has been made the subject of most extraordinary laudations in extravagant language by persons in as high position as the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Among public men none know him but to love him, none name him but to praise. He has been called by eminent authority—the highest—the greatest Solicitor-General in the history of the Department of Justice. The British overflowed with admiration for a great Ambassador. Republicans as well as Democrats have honored him—the humble

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Republicans of the First West Virginia District, the not so humble Republican Members of Congress from all over the Union, and the not at all humble members of the majestic Judiciary Committee of that body. The present Prince of Wales has said publicly that Davis' work in England would never be forgotten and would have far-reaching results in the future. Justices of the Supreme Court have said that he is one of the ablest counsels who ever practiced before them. When Justice Goff resigned from the bench to go to the Senate the whole Judiciary committee, the Democrats and most of the Republicans of the House of Representatives, joined in a request to President Wilson to appoint him to the vacancy.

Wilson, in that endearing way of his, turned this impressive manifestation down; but he did pick Davis for the next important job, which was that of Solicitor-General; and while this led Davis far from his chosen field—he had always wanted to be a Judge—it may be questioned whether it was not for the better. It led him in an indirect way to Europe, where as the official in charge of the welfare of prisoners of war he came in his usual fashion to know all the public men between Nova Zembla and Gibraltar. This resulted in another surprise for that great American public which had never noted and consequently not long remembered that he was Solicitor-General, during all the years when he was impressing the bench of the Supreme Court, the bar of the whole country and Congress as a whole and individually. It led him to a Presidential boom, and he actually did get one presidency out of it—the Presidency of the American Bar Association, a convention of which, held at San Francisco a year ago, enthusiastically elected him. The delegates were chosen from the most eminent lawyers of the country, and consequently they all knew and admired Davis. The public, which had little noted nor long remembered Davis even when he was Ambassador and the Prince of Wales was talking of his great work for the future, read of this election and thought it had

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heard the name Davis somewhere, perhaps as President of the Southern Confederacy.

Caring for prisoners in Europe is no part of the duties of a Solicitor-General, and yet it was as Solicitor-General that his great qualities came so forcibly to the notice of President Wilson as to point him out as the destined manager of a thankless, delicate, diplomatic job. It was his superb management of that work and the constant flow of enthusiastic reports about him that led to the Ambassadorship to England. Now, if he had been made a circuit judge when the Judiciary Committee and all Congress wanted him to be one, it is quite improbable that the tide of his fortune would have run this way. It so attracted the attention of public men that they started a Presidenial boom for him in 1920. But the general public, which didn't want McAdoo or Palmer, still didn't know anything about Davis. So Cox was nominated. The public still doesn't know anything about him, but the public men do, and they are talking about Davis again with, for some reason, more hope. I don't know why, since Davis still stands in relation to the general situation just where he did in 1920, except that he no longer holds public office.

When I speak of public men I don't mean men like Charles F. Murphy and I don't mean men with axes to grind. I mean men whose desire to serve the public, combined with their ability to do it, have raised them high in the public notice. To illustrate my point, I mean men of the calibre of the late Chief Justice White or the present Chief Justice Taft, without having any way of knowing what these two men think or did think about Davis.

How did this curious state of things arise? It is a question hard to answer. About the man's great ability and exceptional fitness for the Presidency or any other office, there cannot be a doubt; it rests on the testimony of too much and too high authority. One reason may be that he never seeks renown or publicity. Still, that has been true of others who nevertheless achieved both. In most cases, though, they

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were press-agented either for love or money and always with skill. That applies even to Lincoln, whose friends went after the nomination in such a way as to convince the Chicago convention of 1860 that it would make a dangerous mistake if it nominated anybody else.

Davis has never had any machinery of any kind. When he was nominated for Congress in the First West Virginia District, it was in his absence and against his wishes. The District had been strongly Republican since 1896. But Republicans as well as Democrats turned out for him and he was elected to the 62d and 63d Congresses. He resigned in his second term to become Solicitor-General. Several years afterwards the Republican National Committeeman from West Virginia, Virgil L. Highland, said of him, "No higher type of man lives than Davis." This Republican tribute did not mean that Davis was a highbrow or a silk-stocking, for this same Highland incidentally mentioned, "I have had the boxing-gloves on with him many a time."

In fact, in all the descriptions of Davis' attributes there continually pops up allusion to a certain cheery, democratic, wholesome sort of bonhomie. This may have helped along his Republican popularity in the Clarksburg District and in Congress, though in both cases his eminent attainments furnished the ground-work. Everybody could respect him deeply and yet exchange laughs with him. In Clarksburg they call him John and not Mr. Davis. At least the public men of Clarksburg do. When in 1920 he was told that a Presidential boom had been started for him in the United States, and that a statement from him was desired, the Ambassador made this one: "I guess I can't do better than repeat what Champ Clark said, 'They might go farther and fare worse.'" They could not have gone much farther than 3,000 miles.

But his freedom and democracy do not help him toward public recognition. That side of Davis is like the other side of the moon. His most brilliant achievements are made before a blind or deaf audience. In Congress he was no

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slight figure. Most of one session was taken up with the impeachment of Judge Robert W. Archbald of Pennsylvania. Davis was chosen as one of the managers of the impeachment on behalf of the House, and of course became immediately the leader. As there was nothing else to report for weeks about the doings of the Senate, the Archbald case naturally figured to a considerable extent in the newspapers. Davis' speech was a great one, far greater than the case. It went to the vitals of the law. Yet for all the effect it had on his personal fortunes he might as well never have delivered it. Within a few months everybody had forgotten even the name of the defendant.

But then Davis' personal fortunes never do count with him in dealing with a public duty. He knew he was not rich enough to be Ambassador to England when he accepted the place, but he said the opportunities for service tempted him so that he would take it if it broke him. It did break him. In two years he spent his entire private fortune of $125,000 to $150,000. He came home after doing magnificiently the work of an Ambassador in time of war, to begin over again and build up his fortunes. It must be remembered that our Ambassadors got only a salary and had to hire their own houses and everything else, even down to telephones and automobiles. His speech on the wool tariff was a classic of Democracy, and was so acclaimed when delivered in the House. As usual with him, it reached the fundamentals. But it was forgotten, along with the cheap junk delivered in the same House on both sides between the passage of the Payne bill and the Underwood bill, though it deserved to rank as a Democratic "Webster's reply to Hayne." On the labor question, he was the chief framer of an anti-injunction law which put an end to government by injunction by reducing the autocratic and irresponsible powers exercised by judges in labor cases. Yet probably the rank and file of labor think of him as in some vague way an aristocrat, though the labor leaders, who like all public men know him, think no such thing. He is a

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Democrat, and that old party name means something to him, as it still does to a few in this era of blocs. He is not a fanatic on either side. He holds the scale. He is a Democrat.

He supported the League of Nations, both in England and this country, and he anticipated President Harding by a year in advocating our entry into the Permanent Court of World Justice. This was in his speech to his State Bar Association on January 20, 1922, in which he said "In the light of our past expressions how shall we explain ourselves? Is it that we have come to disapprove or distrust the principle of judicial settlement of international disputes?" He concluded this speech by suspecting that "we supinely wait for the coming of that impossible day, which never was on sea or land, when a scheme can be devised to win universal consent."

Despite his utter refusal to advance himself, which might be called self-effacement if he did not accept any job offered to him that held within it the possibility of service, he becomes in any company the leader, just as he did when he became numbered among the Democrats of the Judiciary Committee, or when he became one of the House managers of the Archbald impeachment case. For instance, at the age of twenty-six he became the leader of his party in the lower House of the West Virginia Legislature, a record barely beaten by Roosevelt in the lower House of the New York Legislature. Yet when they boomed him for President in 1920, Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, a very cool-headed politician, said that he was not only very well known to all public men but that they all regarded him as perfectly qualified for the Presidency and a man of extraordinary ability; but his weakness is," said Hitchcock, "that he is not much known to the people." It is true; but why? If he does not efface himself, at least he appears perfectly indifferent to his own advancement, and those who are most earnestly his friends know as little of the tricks of making him public property as did the managers of another able

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man, the late Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota. It would be wholly out of the question to persuade Davis to hire a press-agent or have himself screened, not because he feels himself above it but because it would be torture to him.

The British seem to think more of him as an orator than the Americans do. To us he does not seem oratorical when making a speech, only easy and graceful. In the reports of the speech next day, however, you will note perfect phrasing, literary economy, and accurate placing, in a degree to which I cannot compare any orator since Henry Ward Beecher. His humor is somewhat like Choate's—never boisterous, with none of the slapstick about it, but always subtly hitting the mark. In a speech to the Pilgrims in London while the Versailles Treaty was being arranged, he dealt thus with the anti-British Yankee and the anti-American Britisher:

"On the one hand we are told the British lion has swallowed the American delegation in Paris, and on the other hand that the British delegation there cannot escape the talons of the American eagle. These stage properties we have seen before."

That last sentence is in Choate's own manner. One can hear the dry strain in Davis' voice as he uttered it, the total lack of emphasis, and understand why the English, who love that kind of humor, should rate him higher than his fellow-countrymen in that regard, especially when he added:

"I assure you that they cause no perturbation on the forward lines back of the footlights."

Davis is fifty-one years old and was born at Clarksburg. His university was the Washington and Lee, where he was afterwards Assistant Professor of Law. After he left the Ambassadorship he joined the New York law firm of Stetson, Jennings & Russell. He has been President of the West Virginia Bar Association, Counselor of the American Red Cross, holds the usual number of honorary degrees and has

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a lot of clubs in Washington and New York. As New York is now his address, presumably he might be put forward as a New York candidate, but the West Virginians don't think so, especially the Clarksburgers. Neither, it may be added, do the New Yorkers, who will vote in the convention for Al Smith. Perhaps if you mentioned his name to any of them below the grade of, say, Frederic R. Coudert, they might answer, "Davis? why, Jeff Davis is dead. What do you mean, Davis?"

SILHOUETTES

By Doris Kenyon

I

The River

Mighty swimmer,
Bearing home on your broad back
The lost children of sun and sea.

II

The Mountain

Proud mound,
Rubbing your sterile shoulder
Against the heavens;
Hail and farewell!
The hand that reared your bulk
Digs your grave;
I pass to return and find you
Level with my feet.

III

The Sun

Bend down your face, great star;
Drink my tears,
Consume the earth like a moth;
Where I am you are not,
Where I go you cannot come . . .
But follow me or I will perish in the storm
Of my own thoughts!

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MODELING EDUCATION ON GENIUS

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

THE world's most urgent need is not a new crop of geniuses. We could get along very comfortably even if we did not have a new great book, a new marvelous discovery, a new revolutionary invention, or a new superb painting or piece of sculpture for a hundred years to come. The great geniuses of the past still live in their works. They still speak their undying messages of revelation, beauty, truth, inspiration and wisdom. Though we have listened to them we have learned but a small part of their inspiring quality. We have not even begun to exhaust the genius of either past or present.

What the world *does* need most is a better, finer, broader type of average men and women, with healthy bodies, sound, trained minds, spiritually alive to the bigness of their individual possibilities and the greatness of real living. We need men and women trained to think, not merely to think they think. Thomas A. Edison declares that "most men never amount to much because they don't *think*. Prof. William James said that the average man uses only about one tenth of his brain. Dr. Elmer Gates claims that under usual circumstances and education, children develop less than ten per cent of the cells in their brain areas.

This is a ghastly commentary on our educational system. There are about 24,000,000 children in the public elementary, secondary and high schools of the United States. The system is maintained at a cost of over a thousand million dollars a year. When this vast army of children shall have completed their education, not a single one of them will, as the result of the process, have been trained to think. Not one of them will have the powers and faculties of their

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minds directly and consciously exercised, developed, and placed under their individual control.

We need to train the children for the seven lives they must live: the physical, the mental, the moral and ethical, the social, civic, the aesthetic and emotional, and the spiritual. Education is cold, soulless, uninspired and uninspiring. It is merely a complicated unnatural process, based on supreme faith in its curriculum and its methods. It never tests to determine if it is developing powers or training the mind, but merely examines to determine the percentage of its knowledge that remains unevaporated.

We need a new ideal, a new inspiration, a new philosophy of education. This will be found in Genius. It will not be revealed by the study of one genius or of one type but only by discovering the qualities or powers common to all genius. We usually consider genius as far removed from ourselves as the North star. We are so conscious of the differences between us and the world's greatest minds that we fail to realize the qualities that are common to genius and to all men. Approaching genius from this near side, we may have a new revelation.

The conventional idea is that genius is wild, erratic, defiant of law. If this were true the greatest lights of the ages, the men who have guided and inspired the world, would be Nature's failures or Nature's rebels. This is unbelievable. Whatever a genius does along the line of his perfected power he does with the maximum of effect and the minimum expense of mental energy. He represents the straight line in thinking, the shortest distance between a perfect impression and a perfect expression. He does the best thing in the best way, putting into it not only the best of his mind but the best of his whole nature. Genius instead of being wild, erratic and in defiance of law, should be defined as simply the perfect unconscious obedience to the law for a given effect. It is the incarnate revelation to man of the perfect working of mind in some line. Therefore genius should be our model.

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A four-leafed clover might be called a genius among clovers, because of its occasionalness, but under the microscope every three-leafed clover shows the germ of the fourth leaf. The four-leafed clover is a clover that has made good—that's all. A genius is merely a man who has made good—that's all. The genius merely shows on a colossal scale the flowering of qualities, faculties and powers that exist in rudiment or in miniature in all men. The difference is not of kind, but of degree. From the feeblest germ of ability in any line, up through aptness, cleverness, great cleverness, talent, to the supreme manifestation of unquestioned genius, no new process enters, none different in kind from what we *all* use. The difference is only in intensity, in perfection, in degree of development.

In considering genius as a model for education we must guard carefully against a possible misconception. It is not believed, in this view, that all men are born with equal minds or equal possibilities or that by any training in the world they can be made equal. This new model is not a process that would take an average child, put it through a certain course for years and turn it out a genius. It is believed, however, that if we exercise the whole mind, in the spirit and in accord with the principles which the genius applies with supreme concentration and intensity along one line of power, our minds will be stimulated, enriched, broadened, and raised to their maximum of power.

We all have latent powers and special aptness of some kind, of which we may be unconscious, or which if we do know we do not train and cultivate. If the average man fails in life, or lacks any special power, if he cannot remember names or faces, if he has no imagination, no initiative or resourcefulness, if he has no taste for literature, art or music, if he has no appreciation of beauty or if he lacks in any way, he says, "I am as God made me." If he succeeds he proudly proclaims himself "a self-made man." He would not have these mental deficiencies if the education of today were what it should be.

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Geniuses do not thus surrender. They made themselves great through the untiring energy by which they overcame and triumphed. Many of them had in the beginning no more power than that of ordinary men, till some chance word, some book, some suggestion, some inspiration, revealed a slant or liking, that determined their lives, that roused and kindled all their energies, and developed their feeling into a real love.

Genius is not a single essence, gift or power by which a Napoleon could have made himself a Mozart, a Galileo, a Michelangelo or an Edison. Genius is not exchangeable into a different type. It is a blend or combination that determines and limits the slant of the genius. The basis of the genius is not initially mental, but spiritual. It is a strong dominating emotion, a great, intense, glowing, pervading love. It may be love of beauty, of Nature, of truth, of humanity, of spirituality, of mechanics, of language, of justice, of freedom or of some other of the big impelling things of life. The love of Nature may make one man a Wordsworth, another a Ruskin, a Linnæus, a Thoreau, a Burroughs, a Darwin, a Burbank or some great painter like Corot, but it would not make a Lincoln or a Luther, inspired not by love of Nature but by love of humanity.

From such a great love comes a supreme desire, aim or purpose, inspiring devotion, enthusiasm, power of attention, and concentration, generating tireless energy, continuity, persistent labor, determination and will, stimulating self-confidence, self-reliance and sensitiveness to new impressions from every source. These glowing forces acting on developed senses, memories, observation, judgment, imagination, reasoning and clear thinking raise them all to higher powers, individuality asserts itself and the creative power dawns and finally brightens into the sunburst.

This is the process of genius reduced to its lowest terms. The world proclaims it a miracle, a divine mystery, but the genius is not formed in a different mould from us. The mechanism of his brain is the same as ours. The course of

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his thought and action are the same. The difference is only in degree of activity and development. He has enriched the soil and cultivated it where we may have only neglected fields run to weeds.

Education fails with the average human being; it fails even more with the exceptional. The geniuses and the men of talent or of signal ability, have a strength of mind, a fineness and an individuality that refuses to be pressed, like soft pulp, into an artificial mould. A whole book could be written on the great ones who were failures, dolts, dunces, or rebels at school. Among them may be mentioned: Milton, Wordsworth, Hawthorne, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Newton, Dryden, Byron, Thackeray, Heine, Balzac, Keats, Shelley, Napoleon, Lowell, Wellington, Longfellow, Voltaire, Mark Twain, Scott, James Fennimore Cooper, Henry Ward Beecher, Bacon, Locke, Hobbes, Gray, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Gibbon, George Bernard Shaw, Stevenson and a host of others.

Some of the others had little or no education, except what they gave themselves, men of power and individuality like Lincoln, Franklin, Farragut, Dickens, Pope, Burns, Carnegie and Livingstone. Babbage, one of the world's greatest mathematicians, was said to be "the stupidest boy in the whole school in arithmetic." Nearly every one of the mathematical prodigies, with a genius for marvelous mental calculation lost all of this power when trained along the line of orthodox education.

How does all this apply to the 24,000,000 children in the public schools of America and to the countless millions of other children in the world? How can we model a system of education on genius? What would it mean were we to transform by changes in spirit and method our present system to accord with the new ideal?

It means a distinctly different attitude toward the child. Because genius shows that the mind develops best when it is acting with pleasure on what it loves, the things that make school life a torture and a fear should be removed. Exam-

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inations, lessons from text-books and bad marks would be abolished. They force the child to learn by rote mere words untranslated into mental images of any kind. Under such conditions the mind cannot expand freely.

Because genius reveals the trained senses as of supreme importance, all of them should be exercised to bring only clear, vivid impressions to the mind. The kindergarten training in its simple rudimentary exercises goes a few steps where we should go leagues. Reuben Post Halleck, an authority on this subject, declares that this training should be direct, progressive and continuous until the twentieth year.

Because genius constantly seeks self-expression, constantly seeks to use what it has in its mind, constantly seeks to externalize an inner vision as an outward fact, constantly seeks to give a perfect expression to a perfect impression, we should train the children in this same, free, expanding and vitalizing process. Whether genius expresses itself in a great book, a play, a statue, a painting, a philosophy or any other of its myriad forms, the process is always the same. Education ignores this or defies it. Education means to-day constant crowding, jamming impressions, with no corresponding expression.

Because every genius analyzes along the line of his genius, because he seeks to discover through analysis the law or reason behind phenomena, because he then seeks to apply that law in new fields by analogy, we can assume that this is the right mental attitude, the one that brings best results, and in harmony with this should we train the children.

Because genius, whatever be its line of activity, always develops individuality, always thinks out for itself, always has intense appreciation of beauty in some form that becomes its ideal and inspiration, always develops originality, always intensifies its imagination and holds it controlled by its reason, we should train in this spirit. Because genius has initiative, courage, confidence, constructive and creative power, observation, thoroughness, judgment, fine ability to appreciate fine distinctions, we should train the children in

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the same spirit and seek to lead them to acquire the same powers and qualities, though in a lesser degree.

These characteristics of genius and others that might be named are common to all genius. A genius, it is true, may not manifest them in every phase of his life and activities, but they are constant factors in the genius part of his mind, its finest, sanest, healthiest best.

You may say it is a far cry from genius to the average, normal child. If you think this, you are mistaken. The child, fresh from the arms of Nature, before he has been perverted by education, manifests all the powers and qualities of genius. They are in miniature, it is true; they are primitive, tentative, active, reaching out, seeking and hungering for development. It is as if Nature, in safeguarding the race, sought to give each child a fair start, a fair chance. Nature starts every child geniusward. Education, in its blind, fatuous, blundering, forces the child through a false artificial process, ignores everything we know of the human mind and its workings, and tends to stifle, dull or deaden every natural process of the mind.

To show the closeness of the analogy between the working of the mind of a child and that of genius would require many printed pages, a few high-spots must suffice. As one element of his power, every genius has an unusual sense development. The artist genius has a highly developed visual sense, which key-notes his imagination and other mental powers. The great composer has a finer sense of auralizing. The sculptor genius has developed visualizing for form and an unusual tactile sense. A great surgeon has this same development of touch. A great chef, like Brillat-Savarin, is a gustatory genius. So is it for every other form of genius. Universal genius then would have all the senses developed.

The child, before being weakened by education, uses all of its senses. Give him a rubber ball and he looks at it, smells it, puts it to his mouth to taste it, places it near his ear to listen to it, and handles it and seeks to feel its weight on his tiny palm. A short time in school stifles the process forever.

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The child constantly analyzes. It uses the great "W" words—who, why, what, when, where, which and how. These are the very words every genius uses in infinite application. He constantly desires like the genius to know the law, principle or reason governing things, and he shows this with his staccato "whys." He reasons by analogy, as the genius does. His fund of knowledge is small and inadequate; the results, therefore, are often wrong and ludicrous, but his *process* is always right.

The child uses imagination to a degree that makes us older ones marvel. The child who draws a horse on his slate puts into it imagination just as true in its essence as Michaelangelo put into his sublime frescoes. The difference is only in degree. So could the parallel of other powers be shown.

We must first arouse the child's interest if we would develop its love. Educators know well the "interest" theory. They make a mistake however when they merely seek to make a dull study interesting, as we sugar-coat a pill to induce the child to swallow it. Instead of this we should give the child knowledge that appeals to it and exercise its mind on what is intrinsically interesting. We should train it in appreciation of beauty in all its phases. Let us fill its mind with the beauty of color and of form, of the world around it, the beauty, the wonder, the romance that makes the senses keener and the imagination tingle when we learn the secrets of the flowers, the trees, the waters, the clouds, the hills, the mountains, the star sprinkled sky. In this spirit, which is that of genius, the child's mind and all its other powers would be wakened in a way that would be impossible from mere dry facts from dull text-books.

No accumulation of mere facts ever makes one wise. It is in connecting and correlating these facts in new lines of reason, imagination and association. Thinking, itself, is merely seeing things in relation. The "how" of this process is one of the revelations of genius.

Wherever we truly train a sense and exercise the individual consciously to analyze the impression we stimulate the

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observation, intensify the memory of that sense, appeal to imagination, test by reason and affect the whole process of thinking. As in genius the increased love in some line calls forth energy, continuity, patience and the other forces that mould the genius; so would it be in a lesser degree in our schools with average children. What genius does often without consciousness of process, we would exercise with intense consciousness. The range of exercise would cover all the seven lives of the individual. The detail of the exercises or even the merest outline of a school program cannot, of course, be given here.

The common conception of genius is that it is a marvellous innate power with which they are divinely endowed, and all that genius has to do is to radiate it. Most geniuses started with but a feeble germ of ability that through long years of concentration, devotion, heroic struggle and effort, pain and sorrow, blood and sweat, they finally evolved into real greatness. It is not a compliment but an ungrateful insult to say to them, when they have not only mastered and perfected their genius but accomplished the harder task of forcing the world to listen to them and finally to recognize them: "You were born so."

Genius, like the average man, has two creators—his God and himself. The second creator develops and perfects what the first has begun. Aeschylus wrote his first tragedy at twenty-five, but despite all his effort did not win a prize till he was forty-one. Byron's early poems were the veriest trash. Schliemann, the great explorer and archaeologist, had an abominable memory. He determined to make it strong, and finally succeeded so that he used to learn a new language every six months and could speak, read and write it fluently. Macaulay had a good memory; he made it a miracle by his own methods. Hawthorne repudiated his first book and would not permit it to be reprinted.

Every great orator in history was a failure in the beginning. Paderewski was expelled from one of the great conservatories of Europe and told he could never learn to play

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the piano. He was seriously recommended to study the piccolo as he then could always get a job in an orchestra. Verdi wrote for twelve years and produced eighteen operas before he brought forth "Rigoletto," his first score of intrinsic merit, perhaps excepting "Ernani." Hervey spent nineteen years of labor to discover fully the full course of the circulation of the blood.

Henry Irving failed in his first appearance, and was urged by all his friends to go back to the desk and ledger. Shelley's first poem "Queen Mab" was poor stuff, flimsy and incoherent. Edison worked from 18 to 20 hours a day for seven months trying to teach a phonograph to pronounce the letter "s." We look upon Chopin as having his genius handed to him on a gold platter yet his practice at the piano was so incessant that he caused a permanent injury to his spine by sitting on a stool with his back unsupported for hours at a stretch, repeating a single bar over and over again for nearly a thousand times.

These men made themselves geniuses by their own supreme efforts, raised what might have been mere mediocrity or perhaps talent to supreme power.

What holds back most of us from fuller development is our resignation to ourselves as we are, our belief that because we do not possess a certain power that we cannot acquire it. We are under the spell of the old belief that we are born into the world with fixed limited powers with a limitation as to possibility. The biggest, finest, sanest view of life and science prove this to be false. The mentally dull may develop into a genius, the physically weak into a Sandow, the spiritually small may lead the world as a great reformer. How far we can progress we can never determine in advance, but that we can progress depends finally only on ourselves. Man is put into the world not as a mechanical music-box with three or four predestined airs but as a human violin capable of infinite music. It is in the early years of life when the mind is plastic that the process is easiest and here Education has her great opportunity.

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In every phase of human thought and activity, except in education, the one that is of supreme importance, the world has consciously or sub-consciously recognized the genius model. If a man has heart trouble, assuming it is functional, not emotional, he goes to a physician, who tests it with the best instruments known to science. He tests it in relation to the perfect heart, the genius heart, that may not exist in any human. He marks it in terms of par for the genius heart. From it he learns not only diagnosis but treatment. He seeks to put the heart under study into harmony with the cardiac laws made manifest in the perfect heart.

We feel that the physical laws obeyed in the making of a Sandow appeal to all of us, apply to all. We give our children, learning to write, the best engraved models we can procure. We read to them biographies of the world's greatest men and present them as models. Artists sit at the feet of the world's masters and study their brush-strokes to improve their own. In a spiritual sense Christ is the genius of moral and spiritual law. The best Christian does not seek to do what Christ did but merely to obey the moral and spiritual laws made evident in His life and teaching.

Genius, everywhere the model—except in education.

Nature through the ages has ever been saying to man: "In the minds and work of the world's geniuses I have sought tirelessly to reveal to you the true model for your educational system. I have sent a thousand messengers and you have not listened nor heeded. I have sent millions of children into the world, all started geniusward, all speaking the same message. Why do you balk every effort of mine to help? Is it that you are blind, or deaf, or stubborn, that you will not listen, that you will not hear, that you will not do? You are cheating, with your silly, stupid system, the children out of their birthright. You are holding back the race from its rightful progress. You are making the world suffer from ills and wrongs from which it would be free if you only would teach them to think, if you would only train them to see the right, to know the right, to do the

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right and to live the right. How much longer will you persist in your wrong methods, your false system, in hopelessly poor results?"

Some may say: "This sounds all right. It is pretty theory, but is it practicable, feasible, possible?" We would again remind you that such an education in most of its essentials was given in Athens over twenty-four centuries ago and that today, with an even clearer vision than theirs, we could do still greater things.

Froebel found his inspiration in the study of the normal child—the natural bud. Montessori found hers in the defective child—the aborted bud. This new model finds its inspiration in genius—the perfect blossom. It is in perfect harmony with the other two as far as they go, but the new model absorbs all their discovery and goes further as suggesting a new education, universal in appeal, for all the peoples of the world and for all the ages.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the third of a series of four important artices on education by Mr. Jordan.

AN OLD HOUSE

By MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON

Empty it stands, a shell untenanted;
Bereft of life, of laughter and of tears;
Gone are its guests of long, long yester-years,
Dust are its hosts—all, all as phantoms fled.
Through broken panes (once bright as eyes now dead)
The foggy breeze awakes the chandeliers;
Their crystal lustres tinkle in our ears,
The ghosts of voices argentine. Our tread
Wakes echoes in the mouldy music-room,
Where Cupids from the cornices still smile . . .
Beneath the dust of years a silver grey.
This house, O hearts now powder in the tomb,
This house, your shelter, waits a weary while . . .
A chrysalis whence Psyche winged away.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

By WILLIAM GRANT BROWN

PRESIDENTIAL nominations were informal up to 1800 and were made by Congressional caucuses thereafter until 1824 and by State Legislatures and popular meetings until 1840 at which latter date National Conventions composed of delegates coming together from all parts of the country began and this system ripened into the present system of the nomination of President at National Conventions composed of hand-picked delegates under the present Patronage or Spoil System.

A Presidential Elector is qualified as such under the Constitution as follows: Each State has as many Presidential electors as it has persons representing the State in Congress, that is, one elector for every Senator and one for every Congressman. These Electors compose the Electoral College. Each State in the Union has two Senators, and Congressmen in proportion to the population of the State.

Each political party in its National Convention has two delegates for each electoral vote permitted by the Constitution and the delegate and his alternate to the National Convention are chosen according to whatever system of nomination may be provided in the several states from which they come.

Uniform Presidential Primaries, on the same day for all States a month before the Convention, with party registration two months before the Convention, unless proper registration is already provided for by State laws, and the national post office used to put a concise record, as in Oregon, supplied by each candidate, into each voter's hand, would bring the Primary and the choice of the candidates close to the people, prevent an unwarranted outlay of money by

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limiting expenditures, and prevent hand-picked "uninstructed delegates."

The maintenance of popular confidence in, and respect for the office of President is second only in importance to the retaining of the confidence and respect of the people in their Constitution.

The Constitution is sacred only because the people regard it as their direct creation and their buckler and shield against the usurpation of power by law makers, executives, and judges. The uniform practice of our Presidents of regarding themselves as directly representative of, and responsible to, the American people rather than to any department of government is the cornerstone of the solidarity of our social and political organization.

Few people, if any, will dispute the theoretical soundness of Direct Primaries. Some say they are impracticable in application. Inexpedient, they mean, for their purposes.

The Presidential Preference Primary is only an extension of the principle of Direct Primaries to National Elections.

The Presidential Preference Primary System may have defects that only time, through proper amendments to the law, can correct, but they are consonant with the wholesome spirit of the age, that namely, public officials shall be selected by and made responsible to the voters in the simplest form consistent with practical administration of public affairs. The people will have Direct Primaries in State and Municipal elections, and Presidential Preference Primaries in the selection of their candidates for President and continue representative government, or in due course, they will establish a pure Democracy in the States through the initiative, referendum, and recall, and select their President by direct vote through an amendment to their Constitution.

Confidence and respect for the office of President cannot survive the loss of confidence and respect of the voters in the means provided by law for the selection of a candidate for that great office. If the American people find that their

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rights under the National Convention System cannot be assured to them, they will require in due course, the right to vote direct for their President. The people remember the Hayes-Tilden affair of 1877 when Rutherford B. Hayes, Republican, was defeated by Samuel J. Tilden, Democrat, by two hundred and fifty thousand popular vote, but was declared elected President by a Commission created by Congress by one vote in a strictly party vote of that Commission. And also the people may remember the Republican National Convention of 1912 held at Chicago and its resultant effect upon the history of the human race. In the former instance, civil war was avoided only by the force of character and patriotism of Mr. Tilden, and in the latter instance, the nomination of the people's choice might have saved humanity from the World War.

The simultaneous passing of the "boss" and the advent of Direct Primaries is a significant political phenomenon. What Direct Primaries have done to the "boss," Preferential Primaries should do to the Patronage, or Spoil System in the nomination of presidential candidates. Just as Crokers and Platts could not live in the political atmosphere of Direct Primaries so the Chicago 1912 National Convention could never be duplicated under a general system of Presidential Preferential Primaries.

As the population of a country grows larger, the greater the executive power naturally, and with common consent, becomes. This is practical and in the popular interest and is essential to national growth and safety, so long as the people retain their control over the nomination and election of their executive. Custom only restrains Presidents and their party leaders from trying to perpetuate our executives in office indefinitely. Should this salutary practice of limiting Presidents to not more than two terms ever be abandoned and the power of presidential patronage increased through the adding of new departments, bureaus, commissions and other necessary governmental agencies to meet the demands of so-called social justice, a President might

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perpetuate himself in office as Diaz did in Mexico until removed by violence. All the blessings of continuing great power in the executive may be preserved by placing his re-nomination in the hands of the people through a system of preferential primaries.

The usurpation of legislative functions by the Federal Judiciary in the Child Labor case and the despotic use of injunctive power by a Federal judge recently appointed by our President, invoked by our Attorney General, also appointed by our President, in a recent labor case calls to mind the importance of bringing the choice of candidates for the presidency within the direct control of the people. And especially is this of vital moment when it is generally conceded that any President can re-nominate himself through the power of Presidential Patronage.

The President appoints all Federal judges and their tenure of office is for life. Such judges have the power to, and do, declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. Surely the re-passage of such acts of Congress by a later session of that body should make them the law of the land, or Federal judges must be nominated and elected by the people or the power to nominate and re-nominate candidates for the Presidency must be placed under popular control through a uniform system of Presidential Preference Primaries. And if, upon a fair test, such a system fails to correct this obvious defect, then an amendment to the Constitution must be effected enabling the people to vote direct for the candidates for the Presidential office.

The fact that the States under the Constitution control their own primary laws, is not sufficient to justify the several States in refusing to improve their respective primary laws, looking to the ultimate ideal of the Republic, namely that the heads of the departments of government shall be truly representative of at least a majority of the electors and responsible to the whole people. Our primary laws are as diverse as our divorce laws, each State makes its own.

The selection of candidates for, and the election of our

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President is purely a National matter and one upon which the States should begin a general effort for uniform laws. In the meantime only slight changes in some and a very short Act in other States would supply a system of Presidential Preferential Primaries for the selection of delegates to National Conventions of the Parties. This system preserves the delegate method of selecting candidates in a convention. But it insures that delegates from the Election District to the County Convention, the delegate from the County Convention to the State Convention, from the State Convention to the National Convention would, each in his turn, be representative of his constituents and responsible to them. It would be a representative system such as the fathers intended, rather than a purely democratic one that is to come, unless the people can find a way through an improvement of the old system to control the selection of their candidates for public office and especially candidates for the Presidency.

In such a system of preferential primaries each voter designates his first and second choice for the Presidency. First choice votes would have a value of two, and second choice votes a value of one; the candidate who received the highest number of votes being chosen as the nominee for the Presidency and the candidate receiving the second highest number of votes, the nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

GROTESQUES

By ELIAS LIEBERMAN

1. *The Eternal Clown*

Gods from the mountain came clattering down;
"Cows in the gloaming," muttered the clown.

2. *Pauper Feasts*

What do they feed to children in stuffy public schools?
Parrot tongues, livers of chalk, and eyes that see by rules.

3. *Time-Terror*

I tear off calendar leaves with their mottoes in prose or rhyme;
But how can I ever pluck from my heart the teeth of time?

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THE CHILE-PERU DISPUTE

By J. PERKINS SHANKS

THE long standing feud between Chile and Peru over the provinces of Tacna and Arica, was to have been determined by a plebiscite after ten years of occupation on the part of the invader. This plebiscite should have been held some twenty-seven years ago. Chile, suspecting that the world begins to question her sincerity as to the plebiscite, now declares that possession of the mooted provinces is necessary to her successful maintenance of the province of Tarapaca, ceded to her by the very same treaty.

The writer of this article believes himself peculiarly fitted to present both sides of the problem since he has, for the greater part of fifty-three years, lived in the four countries most affected, and during the three-years' war preceding the treaty, was engaged as press correspondent in Chile, Peru and Bolivia.

Although the motto of Peru is: "Firme y feliz por la Union" (Firm and Happy by Union) the motto finds no reflection in the national characteristics or social strata of the country. There has always been a variety of tongues; Spanish, and two aboriginal languages. Second, the racial differences are most pronounced, since there are Indians of the mountainous districts, mixed breeds, and last, the civilized population of the interior and coast regions; third and last, there is a great dearth of "respectable" occupations in private life, with the consquence that a burdensome percentage of the educated classes aspire to live on the public treasury. All these things make for an utter absence of national unity or firmness in material things.

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The motto of Chile, on the other hand, is strongly Prussian in its import: "Por la razon o por la fuerza!" (By Right or by Might!) Chile, unlike her northern neighbor, Peru—lives up quite rigidly to the significance of the simple words. In addition, Chile has advantages which her neighbor lacks; she has only one language; second, the race is remarkably homogeneous, from the very fact of the indiscriminate mixing and breeding; last, there exists the great advantage of accessibility to both the agricultural and mining districts which has led to rapid development and to employment of those elements, which, in other countries, breed revolution.

Previous to the '60's, Chile was relatively poor, whereas Peru was wealthy, which engendered further envy and led to Chile's considering any method which might result in depriving Peru of at least part of its riches. The first objective at that time was the Guano, which existed in enormous quantities on the islands and mainland of Peru, and produced millions annually for the Peruvian treasury, it being, at that time, the world's greatest agricultural fertilizer. Chile attempted to lay claim to the guano deposits of Bolivia, since that country had no very keen interest in the industry. Bolivia, however, was awakened to interest by the fact that Chile's action cut off Bolivia's highway to the outside world, and, for a time, relations between the two countries were very strained. By a treaty signed in 1866, Chile accepted the parallel of 24 degrees south latitude as her northern boundary, while Bolivia agreed to share equally with Chile all the customs receipts for duties on minerals shipped from the zone lying between the parallels of 23 and 24, and also 50 per cent of the net profits on the guano which Bolivia was to ship from the same section. This maneuver should have warned the government of Peru, but in spite of admonishing articles in the press of the papers of neighboring countries, Peru paid no heed.

The construction of a large railroad by Chile led Peru to attempt one of the most difficult engineering feats of the

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world, namely, the railroads connecting their principal interior cities with the sea coast, the whole necessitating such tremendous outlays that the national treasury was depleted, and, in spite of begging money from all possible sources, national bankruptcy impended every moment.

The real importance of nitrate of soda as a fertilizer was not discovered until the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1871—the most critical time of Peru's financial history, and, as a natural consequence, Peru took care to get all revenue possible out of the new industry, its method being to convert the industry into a government monopoly. The direct effect of this act was to almost completely paralyze the industry, for it threatened to convert what had been looked upon as a most promising investment into a very doubtful venture. Many new establishments were in course of construction; people poured in by the thousands; the new railroad was utterly inadequate to meet the demands of this stream of population; mules and donkeys were pressed into service.

The passage of the nitrate bill by Peru resulted in a total suspension of all building of the numerous new plants, for the precarious condition of the Peruvian treasury was well-known. The blow was particularly severe for Chile—which had invested what then amounted to about twenty-eight millions in American dollars, in the nitrate business in the Peruvian province of Tarapaca. This amount was then about 70 per cent of the national capital of Chile, and it is easy to imagine the panic which ensued, this panic forcing many old and established houses into liquidation.

Public opinion had been waiting for a good many years to strike a telling blow at Peru in order to deprive her of the guano, and the press of the country now clamored for a government attack on Chile's enemy, declaring that the nitrate bill was a direct blow at Chile, although this last was denied many, many times by Chile's greatest statesman, who declared that Peru had a perfect legal right to adopt any measure which was for the best interests of Peru. The only thing which restrained Chile from immediate war-

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fare was the fact that Peru maintained two iron-clad ships —against which the wooden fleet of Chile would be powerless. The latter government ordered two iron-clad ships, but by the time they were constructed, the war-clamor had almost died down (about the year 1875); the liquidation of the nitrate establishments on a basis of 25 to 50 per cent discount on original cost had made the business a profitable one, and no one in authority felt that the moment was ripe for Chile's making an attack on her neighbor.

Peru, however, realized that Chile had its eye on the Peruvian nitrate fields, and took steps to get Bolivia into an agreement for mutual protection against the common enemy. This treaty was maintained a secret, and was only signed after much persuasion on the part of Peru. The existence of the treaty was not discovered by Chile until the year 1877, and even then, Chile determined to preserve a discreet silence, using the knowledge of the treaty's existence as a pretext for declaring a war of conquest for which she had been quietly preparing many years. Chile at once began to acquire arms and ammunition, and hastened the equipment of her navy and army, even to the extent of contracting with foreign gunners and engineers, many of these latter being personally known to the author of this article. The latter also wishes to point out that any or all of the statements in the article may easily be substantiated, thus denying Chile's statement that "war had been forced upon her."

"The Secret History" of "The War of the Pacific"

At the very beginning of the nitrate boom, an English firm, Gibbs & Co., had, through a dummy firm (Melbourne, Clark & Co.) obtained a concession from the government of Bolivia—this concession being permission to develop the unworked nitrate fields at Salar del Carmen; the concessionaires were to be exempted from all import or export dues on nitrate shipped; but there was a clause inserted, whereby at the expiration of twenty years, the entire

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plant was to revert to the government. This clause is worthy of note in view of what happened later.

The nitrate concern soon discovered that the cost of their overhead was made prohibitive, because the scanty water supply limited the output; they devised a plant for converting the sea water to their use, which in turn necessitated the building of 22 miles of narrow-gauge railway to transport the raw material from the fields in the interior; this line was later extended 57 miles. Gibbs & Company had by this time taken over the dummy concern, several years having expired, and they now began to fear that the Bolivian government would consider the railway part of the nitrate plant, and the business would end in financial disaster for them. They therefore organized a joint-stock company, known as "La Compania de Salitres y Ferrocarril de Antofagasta," with headquarters in Valparaiso, Chile, to take over the whole business. One of the queer features of the thing was that such names as Santamaria, Errazurriz, Delano, Edwards, Pinto, Echaurren, Ross, Puelma, Mackenna, Urmenete, Sotomayor, Besa and others equally notable in the country's politics were on the list of large shareholders; in addition, two Scandinavians, prominent for their representations of interests of important families, were on the board of directors for several years.

Meanwhile in Peru, the ill-advised nitrate bill was resulting in disaster, and the government, in order to shift responsibility, declared that the Antofagasta Company, working under such favorable conditions, kept the selling price so low that the Peruvian industry could not compete. Peru then approached Bolivia and requested that she levy an export on nitrate, which would be a violation of the Antofagasta concession, but Bolivia refused, keeping to her agreement with a British firm, an agreement entered into at a time when diplomatic relations between Bolivia and England had been suspended.

Chile knew that Peru was trying to force Bolivia into this violation of the concession, which had now passed into

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Chilean hands, but it pretended to be ignorant, its reason being that it wanted Bolivia to fall into the trap, such action being a direct blow at Chilean interests, and therefore warranting action on the part of Chile against Bolivia, and, by the terms of the secret treaty, Bolivia's ally, Peru. But Bolivia would not agree to Peru's proposal, so the Chilean government was forced to resort to other means.

In 1878, the municipal council of the city of Antofagasta was composed of five different nationalities, none of the members being Bolivians, and most of them Chileans; every member was, also, either an employee of the nitrate company, or else a trader dependent upon same. The municipality appealed to the central government of Bolivia for permission to levy a ten per cent tax on all nitrate shipped, declaring this necessary for policing and lighting the town; the real object was to get Bolivia to authorize a tax, the collection of which would serve as pretext for a rupture between Bolivia and Chile, the company being Chilean property. The Bolivian government, however, authorized the tax, the municipality attempted to collect the same, the nitrate company refused payment, and appealed to the Chilean government.

On February 13, 1879, the local government of Antofagasta sold sufficient property of the company to pay the taxes, and the Chilean government sent a warship to land marines and occupy the town. The Bolivian authorities had to bow themselves out, not being able to resist, and were allowed to go to the capital of Bolivia. The town of Antofagasta demanded war with Bolivia, and on April 5, 1879, Chile declared war upon Peru, since the latter was bound by the secret treaty to stand by Bolivia.

Peru was in no state for war; her army was poor, her ammunition was either missing or antiquated and her preparation had been for years sadly neglected, while Chile had been preparing for this day for a long time past. The first great blunder of the Peruvian commanders was that of Moore, the Admiral, who beached one of Peru's iron-clad

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warships, by rushing it into shallow water; the second was that of Admiral Grau in not shelling the distilling plant of Antofagasta, where Chile had 16,000 men stationed—had Grau destroyed this plant, which distilled fresh water from the sea, he would have had the entire garrison at his mercy. Shortly after this, Grau was killed and the Peruvian navy reduced to one unarmored boat, a couple of wooden gunboats, a sloop and two harbor defense monitors.

Bolivia then withdrew from the fray, after the disastrous rout of the Bolivian President, Daza, whose advice had been overruled by the Peruvian generals. Bolivia then said it would never again fight with its former comrades. Finally, the capital itself of Peru was captured and the remnants of the army scattered.

Lima was occupied by Chile on January 17, 1881, and the occupation lasted for three years. During this time, Chile attempted to get Peru to sign a treaty ceding to Chile (1) the province of Tarapaca; (2) the right to purchase Arica and Tacna; (3) the right to fiscalize the sale of guano. These terms were granted by the Provisional President, Garcia Calderon, interned in Chile, but were later rejected by the acting President, Lizandro Montero.

Chile then began to seriously consider the annexation of the whole of Peru, but it was wisely pointed out that this would only add to Chile's national debt the national debt of Peru, and would thus destroy the market value of the bonds they held. Three years after the capture of Lima, a conference of foreign ministers was held on board the French battleship "Victorieuse," off Miraflores, and it was decided to invite Chile to put an end to the state of war and enable Peru to resume its national life. Chile then terminated the political chaos in Peru much as Germany did in France in 1871, by setting up and supporting with arms and money a new government, under Miguel Iglesias, so as to have someone with whom to sign treaties.

The resulting treaty was the one mentioned on Page 1 of this article. Chile attempted to get Arica and Tacna, in

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addition to Tarapaca, for which she had provoked the war, but Peru was firm.

Chile then attempted several "Chileanization" schemes in order that when the ten years were up, the people of the mooted provinces might desire to stay under Chilean rule, but these schemes fell through. The treaty provided that the country in whose favor the plebiscite should decide, should pay the other the sum of ten million soles; Chile held that Peru could not pay this, conseqeuntly it was useless to call the plebiscite; Peru then guaranteed payment, and Chile rushed thousands of soldiers and civilians so they could vote, although Peru offered a vote to Chileans who had resided in the province two years previous to voting. This offer was rejected by Chile. Every possible obstacle was thrown in the way of the plebiscite being called, the Chilean officials making the most absurd proposals. In a book entitled "The Conflict After the Victory," written by Julio Perez Canto for the Chilean government, one whole chapter contained admissions that Chile would enter into no agreement which would lose to her the provinces of Arica and Tacna." The inclusion of such a chapter was a grave mistake, evidently. Coincident with this, the Peruvians in Antofagasta were the subjects of hostile demonstrations by the Chileans, and many were expelled, leaving wives and children. In Arica and Tacna, the Peruvians were grossly discriminated against and expelled.

In the Chilean treaty with Bolivia, a provisional occupation was determined upon by Chile. Four years later, however, the Chilean government proclaimed the litoral of Bolivia an intergral part of the republic under the name Province of Antofagasta. The Chilean government agreed to let Bolivia have free transit for her trade through the port or ports she might select, and so a treaty was signed, and riotously received by the disgusted Bolivians.

Piracy was openly practiced in the bay of Antofagasta, and the Bolivian merchants were desperate. The reopening of the port of Mejillones, a work seriously planned and

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drawn up, was deliberately engineered into chaos by Chile, and to this day, the port remains closed.

It is obvious that Chile has no need to maintain her supremacy against anybody—for Bolivia is terrestrial, and Peru is powerless. One is forced to believe then, that Chile's aim is "to possess all the territory from the Straits of Magellan to the borders of Colombia." The press of the country gives warning that this gigantic scheme has not been abandoned; there is every reason to think that Chile intends to keep Bolivia bottled up and eventually absorb it; also absorbing Ecuador, and finally, capture Peru. Brazil and Argentina are watching her moves, and their armies and navies are keeping pace with hers; the result being fatal to the economic conditions of all three countries.

In 1915, the writer suggested an alliance between Peru, Bolivia and the Argentine; the re-establishment of the old boundaries of Chile, and the return of Arica, Tarapaca and Tacna to Peru; the return of the litoral to Bolivia; allowing Chile to retain Antofagasta; and giving to the Argentine a corredor of about 25 miles in width, beginning at the bay of Antofagasta and running east. Thus the production of nitrate would never again be subject to a monopoly, and the mineral would be produced in four countries, Chile, Peru, Bolivia and Argentina. In fact, as this article is being written, the Argentine government has begun work on the railroad to the sea, thus showing that the three nations are awakening to the vital importance of removing the spike from the helmet and insuring the peace of South America.

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A PLEA AND A PLAN FOR TAX REVISION

By OTTO H. KAHN

ALL taxes are a burden on all the people, to a greater or lesser degree. He who would lead the people to believe that they can be benefited—or, indeed, that they can avoid being greatly harmed—by oppressive taxation of capital deceives himself or attempts to deceive others. The idea that enormous taxes can be piled on the top in the expectation that they will not percolate downward, is an utter fallacy. Some taxes are passed on directly through additions to costs. Others affect the people indirectly, through reduced purchasing power, curtailed production, diminished enterprise, lessened employment.

Our existing taxation system was adopted in the urgency and the stress of war. It is no more fitted to be perpetuated in times of peace than any other war measure. It has caused, and is causing, much harm to the nation. It is gravely faulty, and the effects of faulty taxation are all-pervasive, even though the true cause for such effects is not always plainly apparent to the superficial view.

If taxation has become—as indeed it now is—one of our major problems and a matter of universal complaint, the reason is to be found far less in the increased revenue requirements arising from the war than in the stubborn adherence since 1917 to ill-judged methods of taxation. Prior to the war, the annual expenditure of the Federal Government was approximately one billion dollars. It is now about three and a quarter billion dollars, and can probably not be reduced materially below that sum for a number of years to come.

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That is a vast increase, yet the burden is not really a heavy one in proportion to the nation's wealth and resources, and could be borne with relative ease if it were wisely adjusted. As a matter of fact, it is clumsily maladjusted. By re-arranging it, we can vastly lighten the pressure upon the backs of the American people.

While business and accumulated capital are naturally the principal single sources of revenue, there is a point beyond which these sources cannot be used wisely, safely or effectively. While the formula, "taxation according to ability to pay," is one to which every fair-minded man will give adherence in principle, it must be applied, like all general rules, with that discrimination which takes account of practical considerations and consequences. While the principle of a progressive income tax is socially and economically sound, and while that method of taxation has undoubtedly come to stay, it must be kept within the rule of reason. Under the existing tax schedule, that principle has been applied with vindictive unreason. A rightful theory has been turned into a measure of economic violence.

As the law now stands, men of large incomes pay up to 58 per cent thereof in federal taxation alone, to which must be added, of course, state and local taxes. It may be said: "Well, supposing a rich man *is* made to pay two-thirds or more of his income in taxes. He still has plenty left." Granted; but that is not the point. The point is, what is the effect of such taxation upon the country and upon all its people, not only its rich people? Capital is driven out of constructive use, the incentive to venturing is reduced to the vanishing point, an undue proportion of the liquid funds necessary for the conduct and expansion of the country's business is drained into the coffers of the Government, thrift is made useless or impracticable, extravagance is promoted, the level of all costs is raised.

Moreover, by reason of their very extremes, the high surtaxes have defeated their own purpose, as extreme measures always do. Greed is ever apt to overreach itself,

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whether it be private or governmental. The higher brackets of surtax schedule have ceased more and more to be effective in producing revenue. Not only has capital been driven into tax-exempt securities, but every legally permissible means which ingenuity can devise is being resorted to in order to escape the rigor of intolerable taxation, while a reasonable tax would willingly be paid. The result is that, in one way or another, there has been an enormous reduction in the revenue derived by the Government from large incomes.

In fact, there is hardly any room for doubt, after the experiences of the past six years, that surtaxes imposed at a reasonable rate would produce at least as large a revenue as do the excessive rates now in existence, and very likely a considerably larger one. As the rate of surtaxes is lowered the aggregate amount of income subjecting itself to taxation will be greatly increased. A decrease in rates will bring an increase in volume, just as it does in private business. In other words, by reducing surtaxes to a reasonable level, we can get fully as large a contribution from the wealthy to the revenues of the Government as we now obtain, and probably a considerably larger one, and at the same time avoid the harmful consequences to the country at large, which, as before pointed out, flow inevitably from the present system of excessive super-taxation. Only prejudice so reckless and stubborn as to run counter to the very interests it seeks to advantage can any longer stand in the way of an adequate reduction of the surtaxes, in the face of the experiences obtained through the test of the past six years.

Secretary Mellon, in his latest report on the national finances—an admirably wise and candid utterance—recommends that the maximum surtax rate be reduced to 25 per cent. However sound and justified that recommendation, it would seem, for political and social reasons, that, simultaneously with the lightening of the load for those of large incomes, there ought to be a lessening of the burden of income taxation all along the line; that is to say, not only the

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highest range of surtaxes should be reduced, but all surtaxes, and not only the surtaxes, but also the "normal" tax which is being paid by the man of moderate or small means.

The suggestion of the writer of this article is (irrespective of what might be done in case of the adoption of the "sales tax," to which reference will be made further on) that the "normal" tax rate be reduced by one-quarter and that *all* surtaxes be reduced by one-third for the next fiscal year and by another one-sixth for the year after that, which within two years would bring the maximum surtax rate down to the figure recommended by Mr. Mellon.

To the extent, if any, that a falling off in the aggregate revenue to the Government is to be made good in consequence of the suggested *general* reduction in the rates of income taxation, there is a choice available between several very simple and productive taxes, such as, for instance, a very small stamp tax on checks and on bills of exchange, which would involve no burden at all on the people at large, and no hardship on anybody.

But it is a pertinent and timely question whether we should not go further and thoroughly revise now the existing system of taxation which, in its main features, still follows the lines adopted in 1917 amidst the stress and strain of war, and which is no more suited for perpetuation under peace conditions than any other war measure.

To the writer it seems that the answer to this question should be in the affirmative, and that in a revised system of taxation an important place should be given to a practical test of the so-called "sales tax."

1. The sales tax is the simplest of all taxes in its application and collection. It means that at the foot of every bill (with such exceptions as may and should be stipulated) a certain percentage is added, say one per cent, and that one per cent goes to the Government, say, at the end of each month or each quarter. Thus, it will be seen, the tax practically collects itself. It needs no host of lawyers and chartered accountants to advise the taxpayer as to the mak-

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ing of his return; it needs no inquisitorial processes and no army of officials. The Canadian Minister of Finance was reported recently to the effect that the sales tax in Canada is administered by fewer than fifty officials.

2. The sales tax is not an untried thing. It is in successful and eminently satisfactory operation at our very door, in Canada, likewise in the Philippines and in several other countries.

3. The majority of those who have studied the subject carefully believe that the sales tax should be applied to commodities only and that initial sales of farm crops and live stock be exempted, also all such small businesses as do not have an annual turnover exceeding six thousand dollars. For the sake of simplicity and convenience, certain other minor exemptions at the last stage of the selling process, *i.e.,* selling to the public, will probably be found advisable. It should be mentioned that a tax on retail sales only is not favored by advocates of a true sales tax, for various reasons, one of them being that a simple, certain and workable definition of what constitutes a retail sale defies the resources of phraseology.

4. The incidence and amount of the sales tax can be so plainly traced as to prevent its being used for the unfair "loading" of prices. According to careful calculations, the addition of a tax of one per cent upon every stage of manufacture from the original producer to the ultimate consumer of the finished article will average an addition to the final cost to the public of not more than three per cent.[1] That is less, it may safely be assumed, than the ad-

[1] It is a wide-spread assumption that because in many instances there are from six to ten stages of manufacture between the original producer and the ultimate consumer, therefore in such cases a one-per-cent sales tax would aggregate from six per cent to ten per cent in addition to the cost of the finished article. It will readily be seen that this assumption rests upon the error of failing to appreciate that the value of an article, or of the materials entering into it, is less in the intermediate stages of manufacture than at the final stage, and that the sales tax applies to the value only at each stage. Thus, for instance, it has been figured out by Mr. William Goldman of New York (as quoted in a pamphlet on The Sales Tax issued by Mr. Hazen J. Burton of Minneapolis) that, beginning with the raw wool, seven stages of manufacture enter into the making of a suit of men's clothing, but that, taking the case of a suit designed to sell at retail for sixty dollars, a one-per-cent sales tax would aggregate in the end not seven times one per cent on sixty dollars, i.e., $4.20, but $1.57, i.e., merely 2.61 per cent on the retail price of the finished article.

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dition to final costs which the public now pays through the existing practice of shifting taxes by "loading" prices in a more or less haphazard way, and through the indirect effect of the withdrawal of capital from productive enterprise, owing to excessive surtaxes. It would follow that instead of adding to the burden on the masses of the people, as its opponents claim, the effect of the operation of the sales tax would tend to diminish that burden.

5. Such practical objections as have been brought forward by fair critics of the sales tax (for instance, the contention that it would benefit large combinations controlling several phases of the manufacture of their product as against smaller corporations or against individuals handling only one process) can be met without difficulty by suitable provisions of the enactment.

6. No complex and cumbersome machinery is required to bring the sales tax into operation. A trial upon intelligently conceived and carefully worked-out lines cannot possibly involve noticeable hardship upon any one. Should it not prove satisfactory to public opinion, after having been in effect for an adequate length of time to test its workings, it can easily and simply be abolished.

7. According to the latest published official compilation, the yield from personal returns for the year 1920 was in round figures $1,075,000,000. Of this total $165,863,669 were contributed by persons having incomes of $5,000 or less.

Conservative estimates indicate that a one-per-cent sales tax, confined to commodities only and exempting initial sales of farm crops and live stock, and also exempting annual turnovers not exceeding $6,000, would produce not less than $1,250,000,000 annually.

It would follow that even a sales tax of but one-half per cent would be sufficient to enable the Government to abolish entirely the income tax on those having incomes of $5,000 or less, to reduce the surtaxes and the normal tax to the figures suggested by the writer or to even lower figures and still

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leave a substantial surplus, which would be available for the reduction of the Government's debt or for such other purposes as Congress may determine.

8. Whether the advocates or the opponents of the sales tax are in the right can only be determined by testing it in actual operation. The writer is wholly convinced that if and when the people can once be made acquainted, through practical experience, with the simplicity, productivity and "painlessness" of the sales tax, it will be recognized by public opinion as an ideal means of raising revenue, and will become, as it has elsewhere, an actually "popular" tax and will take its place as a permanent feature of our fiscal system.

OLD HOUSES

By HARRIETT HALL SHUMAKER

I love old houses, old decaying houses; I love
Their sagging moss-grown roofs and tired gables, above
Windows like old eyes grown dim and tender with love and tears.
. . . How amiable their weather-beaten faces, stamped by the years.

Birds from the stormy wind find shelter beneath their eaves;
The stay they offer wayward vines is friendly, and leaves
Die in their crevices and corners undisturbed.
Sweet Negligence long since assumed dominion, nor Care demurred.

I love old houses where from drawer and cupboard faint musty odors creep,
And in the walls the death-watch ticks at hours when weary folks would sleep;
And doors creak unexpectedly, as though
A foot had pressed too hard when one would lightly go.

Shadows at bedtime take on dim forms ancestral as they pass;
Something (Can it be the rose-bush?) taps upon the glass;
And when the wind calls doors may softly open (Yet in vain
You look for one to enter)—and as softly close again.

Some may call them grim, some haunted—Shall I care,
Who may roam their low and raftered rooms and climb their stair;
Search their hiddenness—though curious ghosts watch from the gloom—
Finding darling ancient secrets memoried in each room.

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MUSIC FOR AMERICANS

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

WITHIN the past few years, much has been done here, by the symphony orchestras, to spread the love of music through the land. No country in the world, indeed, but this one, has such opportunities of enjoying orchestral concerts. And for this fact we have to thank a few wealthy persons, who, for some reason, think that music should be aided. It might be better, to be sure, as some believe, if, instead of depending only on millionaires and billionaires for the encouragement of art, we could induce a careless Congress to help music by an annual subsidy. For Congress is supposed to be the expression of the nation's will. And subsidies would therefore mean self-aid.

But, for the present, things go on in the old way. The wealthy few provide the guarantees which enable twelve or thirteen fine and well-trained orchestras to give this country performances of symphonies, concertos, suites and tone-poems. Some day the nation may insist on having its art subsidized, like its public schools, or protected, like its major industries.

Meanwhile we can see efforts which may warrant us in hoping that, in a year or two—or later, it may be—the development of music in America will not be limited to concert ventures, but will be broadened to include good lyric-drama. These efforts have been checked by want of funds. But they have not been killed. Their chief aims are to encourage American composers and librettists to create operas, and to enable us to understand all operas by persuading our managers and their all powerful backers to have lyric-drama sung, not in cryptic tongues, but in the language of this country—which is English.

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Some day, perhaps, the administrators of the much talked-of Juilliard Fund (15 millions, left by the late Mr. Juilliard for the advancement of good music in America) will devote a substantial portion of that fund to opera. Not foreign opera, sung by foreigners in foreign tongues, but opera in English and opera invented by Americans. They have been hampered, we are told, by legal troubles. There may be other and as yet unpublished reasons to explain the long delay in the disposal of the large fortune they control. In two months or so from now, as I am assured by Dr. Eugene A. Noble, Executive Secretary to the Foundation, plans for the fit use of the munificent Juilliard legacy should be announced. They will be analyzed with eager watchfulness.

It is high time that we grew conscious of the cruel way in which American composers, singers, conductors, instrumentalists, are handicapped. First, and in many instances, by poverty. And next, by fierce and well-backed foreign rivalries. It seems anomalous, and it is curiously illogical, that so rich and generous a country as the United States should not attempt more to support its own musicians.

"Paternalism?" Is not paternalism at the root of government? It is expressed in the protective system, in the existence of free schools, in every "cop." Why help an industry, and deny help to art? Both art and industry are essential to civilization. And history attaches more importance to the art of nations than to its industries.

Think of Tut-ankh-amen!

To establish music, creative and interpretative music, and drama (which includes opera) on a firm basis, we need, first, a great and authoritative National Conservatory, and next, many outlets for the expression of the higher forms of American music, acting and drama. By outlets, I mean opera-houses, concert-rooms, and theatrical organizations. You can create a love of art as well as gratify it. You need not wait for the demand to come. You can do much to build up art itself, indeed, by providing authoritative

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schools—a National Conservatory (planned more or less on the lines of the great Paris institution) and State or Municipal Conservatories, besides concert-rooms, and theatres, properly subsidized and under non-political directions.

Genius may exist among our musicians and dramatists. How can it express itself under the conditions which prevail here? Daring and originality are not encouraged, but discouraged. Third-rate works, with the names of Germans or Italians pinned to them, are continually given hearings in our opera-houses; while others, by Americans, are snubbed and slighted. I do not hold that, till they have demonstrated their ability to compete with foreigners, American composers, dramatists and interpreters should be preferred to them. That would be ridiculous. I plead—as I have pleaded very often, and as many others plead—for equal opportunity, which, whatever some may say, is now denied them.

How, for example, can American composers (most of whom are poor) learn their technic, as their Italian, French and German rivals do? How can they obtain recognition, if they have been fortunate enough to secure their technical equipment? To what opera-house can an American (assuming that he has created a great work) now turn with a real hope of respectful treatment? They will cheerfully revive old inanities, by Rossini or Bellini, at the Metropolitan, or modern trivialities, by Italian Veritists. And, though these fail, the cost of failure will not disturb the equanimity of the management of that large opera-house. But if an American presents an opera for consideration, will he not be told off-hand that his work is "inferior to Puccini's" or "not likely to win the approval of the public"? And are American singers, even of high rank, paid the same fees as foreign singers, no better than themselves? Ask the members of the Metropolitan and Chicago companies.

If it is unreasonable to expect more liberality from the Metropolitan, should not our operatic composers be al-

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lowed a chance of testing the worth or worthlessness of their works in some less pretentious theatre? Though, to a vast majority of Americans, opera has more charm than concert music, such aid as is extended to our young and old composers is largely confined to the occasional production of their concert works. What financial reward do they derive from even successful performances of their symphonies and sonatas? Little or none. They would be destitute if they were not chiefly song-writers. And they are chiefly song-writers because they dread being destitute.

Foreign governments and municipalities which protect music by subsidies make it a condition of their support of such theatres as say, the Paris Opera and Opera-Comique, that the managements shall each year produce so many acts by native composers, and that the young singers and actors who win prizes at the annual Conservatory competitions shall be guaranteed public appearances. Here no provision whatever is made for our young musicians. They may be budding Pattis, youthful Carusos, possible Kreislers, or growing Puccinis. Who cares?

From time to time, a few of them, with social backing, may be sent to foolish "American Conservatories" and "American Academies" in Europe—where everything American and individualistic will be smoothed out of them, if they stay long enough. They will return gallicized, or germanized, or italianized. Happily, perhaps, in one of the most advertised of those foreign "American" schools, the stay of students is limited to three months, during which they are supposed to absorb inspiration and technic, under the tuition of professors unable to speak the language of their pupils. The effect (and I believe the intent) of these quite futile institutions is to divert the attention of Americans from the idea of founding a National Conservatory, and promoting individuality of an American kind, in art. This is not, as you may suppose, mere surmise. It was admitted, in a letter which was printed some two years ago in an art review, by one of the most widely known conductors in this country.

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Indirectly, those (so-called) American schools abroad tend to strengthen the strangle-hold of foreign artists, managers, publishers and conductors in America.

One way—the best of all—to make it more easily possible for American composers, singers and librettists to exist and thrive, is to do what the French, Italians, Germans, Russians, Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, Serbians, Swedes, and now, at last, the English, do—to lay stress on the importance of the gradual substitution of the national language for those foreign tongues in opera. A Frenchman would laugh if you told him that it was "more artistic" to give Wagner's works in German, at the Paris Opera, than in French. A German would revile you if you suggested that French, Czech, or Italian should be sung in the German opera houses. The Italians of Milan or Rome would emulate the Fascisti if you ventured to foist German, French or English on their ears. Did Mr. Gatti-Casazza present Wagner at the Scala in German? What would have happened to him if he had been so absurd? Yet, over here, the distinguished ex-manager of the Scala insists on having Wagner sung—not, as the great Richard himself, and his widow, and his son Siegfried advocate (I have had the assurance at Bayreuth, and from Siegfried's lips) in English, but "in the original."

"Bad translations?" As to that, I am not free to speak just now, for "anch 'io son' pittore"—I, also, am a librettist. But I protest, and I protest with absolute knowledge, that English "translations," which if they are worth hearing, are less "translations" than "re-creations," can be made good and singable. Ten, twenty, fifty failures to achieve this end mean nothing weighed against one demonstration.

At the heart of the instruction in composition and singing, in diction and acting, provided (free of charge) at the Paris Conservatory, is the respect for French, the language of France, as English is the language of the United States. French students are not forced to go abroad to learn foreign idioms, before they are permitted to sing in the French opera

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houses. No one would dream of insulting them by such a suggestion. German, Russian and Italian students are trained to sing their own idioms, not those of foreigners. Americans now stand alone in their devotion to the preposterous superstition that any tongue on earth is better than their own, when it is heard in opera.

Why, if our Mary Gardens, and Edward Johnsons, and Lillian Nordicas are (quite rightly) compelled to sing the languages of foreigners in foreign lands, should not such excellent foreign artists as Beniamino Gigli, Antonio Scotti, Margarethe Matzenauer, and the rest of the galaxy, not be required to show deference to Americans by learning their various roles in an idiom which is intelligible to Americans?

"Too much trouble?" Did it not give Miss Garden trouble to study the parts of Louise and Mélisande in French, at the Opera-Comique? Was it not by an effort that Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames mastered the words of Marguerite at the Paris Opera? Did not Clarence Whitehill have to strain and toil before he sang Amfortas in German, to his German audiences?

It is assumed (in certain quarters) that "the translation" of librettos means the distortion of rhythms and accents in the original. This, on my honor, I declare to be a fallacy. English can, with care and pains, be made to fit any rhythms and all accents. If this be true, and it is true as truth, what natural objection can there be to opera in English?

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POETIC DICTION IN ENGLISH

By ROBERT BRIDGES
(British Poet Laureate)

POETIC Diction is a wide subject, and this paper will deal with only one little corner of it; it will examine the dislike which poets of today exhibit towards the traditional forms: and since even this, to be thorough, would involve a completer description of the traditional forms than a short discourse allows of, we must be contented to outline the situation with a few typical illustrations.

The revolt against the old diction is a reaction which in its general attitude is rational: and it is in line with the reaction of "The Lake School" of Poetry, familiar to all students in Wordsworth's statement, and Coleridge's criticism and correction of that statement in his "Biographia Literaria." Both movements alike protest against all archaisms of vocabulary and grammar and what are called literary forms, and plead for the simple terms and direct forms of common speech.

As my method is to be by illustration, I will begin with an extreme example, Milton's *Lycidas,* a poem which, though Dr. Johnson's common sense condemned it without reserve, has in spite of the extravagance of its conventions grown in favour, and firmly holds its claim to be one of the most beautiful of the great masterpieces of English verse.

Only a few days ago I received a new German translation of it, in the preface whereto it is stated to be "Ein Gipfel, vielleicht der Gipfel aller schöferlichen, aller Renaissancelyrik, unerreicht die Schönheit u. s. w."

The undisguised conventionality of *Lycidas* is sufficiently obvious in its properties. Muses, Fauns, Satyrs and

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Nymphs, with Druids and River-gods associate with St. Peter and the Pope. and in their company a new River-god, Camus, invented on a bogus etymology: but the remoteness from common sense which offended Dr. Johnson can be fully exposed by quoting a single line: the poet bewailing the death of a college friend by shipwreck in the Irish Channel, concludes the section of his lament over the unburied body in these words:

"And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!"

We have to face the fact that this strange and meaningless invocation does not sound frigid or foolish in the poem. Rather it is evident that it was the very strength of the poet's feeling that has forced the transmutation of his memories and of the practical aspects of life, into a dreamy passionate flux, where all is so heightened and inspired that we do not wonder to find embedded therein the clear prophecy of a conspicuous historical event: though the whole of literature can scarcely show any comparable example.

This is poetic magic. Certainly it was not to common sense that Milton turned for consolation; and a work of sheer beauty was the only worthy offering that his love could make.

After reading *Lycidas* let us see how it is with Shelley's *Adonais*. Though as a whole this poem cannot compete with Milton, yet it contains lines and passages of unsurpassable beauty, both of diction and verse, and it is worthy to be compared, and since (especially towards the end) it is in closer contact with our natural expression of feeling, it appeals more strongly to some tastes. Well, the properties are as literary as in Milton. We have the Muses and Urania: Milton's "where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep?" becomes "where wert thou mighty Mother, when he lay?" and in company with Urania we have Albion and Cain and Apollo and the Wandering Jew and living persons, all magisterially blended by Shelley's usual phantasmagoria. And in one respect he is even more

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conventional or pedantic than Milton, because he borrows more directly from his Greek models, and with marvelous Englishing makes Hellenic beauties his own. Moreover he works Bion's machinery: Aphrodite bewailing Adonis becomes Urania bewailing Keats—the difference in the circumstances needing all the resources of his free symbolism to adapt it. We must not, however, be led away from the question of mere diction, and I mentioned this point merely to show that Shelley's diction is more conventional than Milton's and sometimes when it least appears to be so, because many of its beauties are more directly borrowed. He has, indeed, no one line to match Milton's call to the dolphins, but many which common-sense would rate as equally extravagant.

Thirdly, let us look at Arnold's *Thyrsis,* a Victorian poem in direct line with Lycidas and Adonais, consciously affiliated with them and plainly inspired by Milton. I remember many years ago how Ingram Bywater, when we were both young, contended against me that *Thyrsis* was as good a poem as *Lycidas*: I do not know how far he was in earnest.

Now in Arnold's poem he and his friend are Corydon and Thyrsis, they have their shepherd's pipes, and the Hellenic properties are practically the same as Milton's and Shelley's; but they are frankly set in a modern English landscape and introduced naturally as actual figures of the mental world wherein the two friends had lived and loved. Their mutual sympathy in this symbolism makes it possible almost to confound Enna with Cumnor, and that is skilfully accomplished, but amid the strong details of native color and homely affections we have an Ionian folk-tale of obscure antiquity, the relevancy of which is hardly cleared up by a long note. Since there is no trace of Christian symbolism in the poem, the Properties are simpler than Milton's or Shelley's, and the Diction may be styled Wordsworthian; it would hardly have offended Dr. Johnson: it is plainly not intended to be in what Arnold has

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called 'the grand style', and he was never in danger of attempting Shelley's heavenward flights, which he thought ineffectual. Thus we may say that, compared with *Lycidas* and *Adonais,* Arnold's *Thyrsis* is in simplified diction.

What then is the effect of such a diction? In judging this we must remember that Arnold is not Milton, and I am probably myself too much biased in favor of the greater poet: but if a 'rational' diction is any decided poetic advantage, then that advantage should appear, whereas the impression that 'Thyrsis' makes on me when I compare it with Lycidas is that it lacks in passion, as if it were a handling of emotions rather than the compelling utterance of them, and so far as that must have the effect of insincerity it is the last thing that we should expect from the exclusion of conventions. It does not carry the same conviction of distress that *Lycidas* does; neither the friendship nor the sorrow seem so profound, and the whole poem, though it is agreeable reading, leaves one cold at the end. This might in great part be accounted for by its fanciful argument and by the poet's mentality, nor can I pretend to decide how much is due to the diction: the example must remain a negative one; but in illustration, I will quote a passage from *Thyrsis* where Arnold follows Milton in moralizing on the 'vanity' of the sincerest human effort in the search for ideal Truth; he has

> This does not come with houses or with gold,
> With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
> 'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold!
> But the smooth-slipping weeks
> Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
> Out of the herd of mortals he is gone,
> He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
> Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Milton has

> Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of Noble mind)
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

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But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life, "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears. . . .

and so on, and this in spite of old *Phoebus* and the bad grammatical inversion in the first line.

It is difficult to dissociate the quality of Diction from two other matters, namely Properties and Keeping. Properties is a term borrowed from the stage. The mixture of Greek and Christian types in *Lycidas* and *Adonais* is a good example of Properties. The term Keeping is taken from Painting and has no convenient synonym, but it may be explained as the harmonizing of the artistic medium, and since Diction is the chief means in the harmonizing of Properties, it would seem that any restriction or limitation of the Diction must tend to limit the Properties, since without artistic keeping their absurdities would be exposed.

Dr. Johnson's common sense might contend that all Properties were absurd if their absurdity were merely disguised by Keeping. But in esthetic no Property is absurd if it is in Keeping. This does not decide what Properties should be used. Different Properties are indispensable for different imaginative effects. Good Keeping is a first essential in all good writing, and especially in poetry. Perhaps it is evident here that the poorer the Properties are the less call will they make on diction for their keeping, although the simplest Properties are on their own plane no less exigent: and again the higher the poet's command of diction, the wider may be the field of his Properties. Also, and this is a very practical point, if a writer with no command of imaginative diction should use such Properties as are difficult of harmonization, he will discredit both the Properties and the Diction.

This is as it should be. In all fields of Art the imitators are far more numerous than the artists, and they will copy the externals, in poetry the Versification and the Diction,

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which in their hands become futile. Criticism does not assist art by exposing such incompetencies: nor can it be praised for philanthropic intention, because dabbling in the arts is one of the most harmless pleasures of life: there may be more to be said for it than for dabbling in criticism as I am doing here.

We may now fairly put the following question: Is this protest against poetic diction intended to confine Properties to actualities? No poet would consent to that. Is it then merely a protest against archaic and literary forms of speech? Supposing this to be intended, we may enquire how far it can, on any poetic plane, be practically enforced. We cannot hope to get very far through with this business, but we can insert the thin edge of the wedge.

The adverb *hither* has gone almost entirely out of use in common speech, and except in the idiom 'hither and thither' is rarely found in modern prose. Yet though obsolescent it is without obscurity and is a pretty word. No purist in diction could object to it.

And if *hither* be admitted, what of *wherein, whereto, whereby,* etc. To forbid them and insist on the alternatives *in which, to which, by which,* etc., would discredit any honest grammarian; his hope would be that familiarity with the better and more convenient forms in poetry might lead to their more frequent use in prose, and that they might thus, through the journals and current literature, win restoration into our common speech.

But if it should happen that such simple obsolescent forms actually became quite common again, it is certain that they would lose some of their poetic and literary value, and a writer who had maintained his elevation partly on such cheap stilts would miss them and unconsciously feel about for something to take their place. And their natural substitutes would be other words which had the same obsolescent quality as his old friends used to have before they had been too familiarized. One can imagine that this process of restoring good obsolescent

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forms might thus go on *ad infinitum*. On the other hand, as things are now, the self-denial of our common speech may be regarded as the generous and jealous guardian of our literary style.

Since poetic language is essentially a rarity of expression of one sort or another, it is unreasonable to forbid apt and desirable grammatical forms merely because they are not read in the newspapers or heard at the dinner-table. And if once such unusual forms are admitted they will colour the keeping of the diction and invite a kindred vocabulary. It has lately become a fashion to use dialectal words in poetry. Such words are generally free from the stain of conventionality and since they are often better English words than their familiar synonyms, the only objection against them is that they are unknown or obscure, and have the same sort of effect as some of Burns' Scottish words have to English ears—they need translation. But if, for instance, such good old English words as *Inwit* and *Wanhope* should be rehabilitated (and they have been pushing up their heads for thirty years), we should gain a great deal; for we should not only win back towards a closer relationship with our older literature, but these words would soon differentiate themselves from their Latin synonyms *Conscience* and *Despair,* just as we have differentiated *Fatherly* and *Paternal;* and we should thus add to that subtlety in the expression of ideas which by like means has become a peculiar excellence of our tongue.

It might be urged that with Milton and Shelley, who were educated by Hellenic models and had come by reading and meditation to have panoramic views of History and Truth, it was natural to write at that height—their poetic diction may be the spontaneous utterance of their subconscious mind—but that it is nevertheless regrettable because common folk whom they might otherwise delight and instruct cannot understand it. This is a wrong notion. It was not Dr. Johnson's ignorance or deficient education that made him dislike *Lycidas*. It was his unpoetic mind

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that was at fault, and his taste in Music or Painting would probably have been at the same level. Moreover children do not resent what they cannot understand in Poetry, and they generally have a keener sense for beauty than Dr. Johnson had—indeed, if he would have become again as a little child, he might have liked *Lycidas* very well. Anatole France has put this matter so admirably that I will end my paper by transcribing the words in which he tells his own experience.

"Il y avait dans réccit un grand nombre de termes que j'entendais pour la première fois et dont je ne savais pas la signification; mais l'ensemble m'en sembla si triste et si beau que je ressentis, á l'entendre, un frisson inconnu; le charme de la mélancholie m'était révélé par une trentaine de vers dont j'aurais été incapable d'expliquer le sens littéral. C'est que à moins d'être vieux, on n'a pas besoin de beaucoup comprendre pour beaucoup sentir. Des choses obscures peuvent être des choses touchantes, et il est bien vrai que le vague plait aux jeunes âmes."

PHILHARMONIC "OVERTURE, 1812"

His baton stays in air, then struck, begins
The evening's symphony where answers lurk
For all the human wants and all chagrins.
But if the soul craves stuff of sturdier note,
The leader comes, impulsive for his work,
The cymbals clashed, bass-viols, strett' of horns
And wind of flutes and bang of drums connote
The soldier's strife, as when Tchaikovsky mourns
His Russia's lost Napoleonic stir
In martial strepitoso that denotes
A Franco-Russian fight where bullets whir
And cavalry clanks, and all above it floats
The clangor of a sweeter chime from spire—
While national anthems flame the warrior's fire.

J. L. Lane, Jr.

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THE RETURN OF THE TURK

By ALBERT HOWE LYBYER

THE world has been so full of miracles during the last dozen years that it takes a very great one to attract notice. Perhaps the greatest of all has been the restoration to a place of prominence and influence of the Turkish government and people. Four years ago the Turks seemed down and out. Their man-power was terribly depleted, their finances were utterly wrecked, their army was dispersed, and much of their territory was occupied by enemies. Most of all, their spirit was supposed to be broken thoroughly. Not only did it seem a foregone conclusion that their power would be expelled from Europe, but there seemed little prospect that they would continue anything like an independent existence in Asia. Today the circumstances are very different. We have seen at Lausanne a poised balance, in one side of which lay the diplomacy of England, France and Italy, not to mention Japan, Greece, and the American talking observers, while in the other pan lay only the sword of nationalist Turkey. The Turks might also have had the influence of the Soviet government, but on the whole they disdained it. In fact they did not need it. They alone swung in equilibrium with all the Entente powers, and finally had sufficient courage to reject the terms that were submitted to them. What sixty million Germans had not dared to do in June of 1919 seven or eight million Turks did in January of 1923.

How can such a marvelous recovery of power be explained? Is it real or is it only apparent? Are the Turks at a temporary dizzy eminence, from which they will presently fall headlong, or will they be able to maintain an equal, almost a defiant, position among the nations? These are difficult questions.

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It is perhaps necessary to approach these subjects by examining briefly the cause of Turkish decline. Four centuries ago there was no stronger power in Europe and perhaps in the entire world than the government of Turkey under Suleiman the Magnificent. It is not remarkable that the Ottoman Empire declined from so great a height, for dozens of other states have fallen likewise. What is remarkable about the Turkish decline is that it has been so prolonged, and that it has never reached an oft predicted completeness. Both the causes of decline and the elements of endurance have had phases within and without Turkey.

The internal causes of Ottoman decline may be considered first. The Turkish government was "born of war, and organized for conquest"; when the opportunity for conquest disappeared the state could not but begin to weaken. Again, the method of recruiting soldiers and statesmen from the subject population was one that could not be maintained when opportunities for advancement ceased to increase rapidly. Certain features of the Mohammedan religion and civilization tended to retard and ultimately to halt progress; among these may be mentioned fatalism, contempt of the present world, permission of extensive polygamy, and a tendency to petrify customs. Again, the number of the conquerors did not grow to match territorial expansion, and the obstacles of differing religion and social structure greatly retarded the assimilation of the conquered. The very tolerance of religion and local institutions among the vanquished, which from some points of view is to the credit of the Ottoman conquerors, perpetuated divisions which were to become nearly fatal.

Outside causes for Ottoman decline included the growth of the great European powers, first the neighbors Austria and Russia, and later the more distant countries France and England. In the latter portion of the nineteenth century Italy and Germany attained unification, and also developed a keen interest in the lands of the Levant. These European countries grew in wealth, numbers and power. Nominally

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following a Christian scheme of life, the spirits of their people were less restrained and hampered by religious principles than were the Turks by the tenets of Islam. European diplomacy, supported at certain junctures by improved arms and advancing military methods, attacked the structure of the Turkish state. The tremendous development of machinery which began in England in the eighteenth century was extended gradually to most of the rest of Europe; but it hardly penetrated at all into the Turkish civilization. Nevertheless, it had a profound influence upon Turkish economic life, because machine-made products of the west could be produced and sold in Turkey at lower prices than hand-made native products. Turkish merchants and artisans were slowly but surely reduced toward ruin.

When we examine the causes for the refusal of Turkey to disappear wholly as a state, we find first of all the curious perdurability of the Mohammedan religion and civilization; it begets in its observers a stubborn pride combined with a tenacious loyalty which no disaster can destroy. The Moslem can not be deprived of his feeling of inherent superiority by any amount of horse power or gun fire. Western devices he is inclined to regard as inventions of the devil, and those who profit by them mundanely he feels to be possessed creatures, paying for a brief earthly dominance by a sacrifice of eternal verities and heavenly happiness. Thus he can "let the legions thunder past" and possess his own soul in peace.

But, of course, this negative quality is not alone sufficient to account for the Turkish survival. Disraeli is said to have boasted that he had done a favor to Turkey when he deprived her of certain provinces, because he had caused her to become "consolidated." This is more than a *bon mot.* It involves the measure of truth that in the greater part of her losses Turkey was in a sense casting away cumbersome baggage. She had been an empire and she became a nation. It is true, of course, that in her halcyon days the subject

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peoples constituted for her, as it were, a herd from which she took wool and milk and hides, but nevertheless, this was always at a considerable expense of energy, and often was maintained only by liberal outpourings of her own blood. The results of the recent great war have practically divested Turkey of every trace of imperialism. With no alien hostile people under her demanding heavy sacrifices in time of war and draining away her substance parasitically in time of peace, she stands forth in unobstructed nationalism.

It may also be pointed out that the Turkish nation was composed of mixed elements, in which the ancestral men had regularly been personally distinguished for physical strength and beauty and intellectual shrewdness and acumen, while the women had likewise been chosen for good looks and to some extent for superior intelligence. This heritage of extraordinary capacity was so great as to be by no means wholly dissipated by over-strained and irregular living. Similarly the inner circle of the Turkish governmental system was composed of a comparatively small number of simple and durable elements. In a sense it is against the Turks that they have produced few artists of any sort, and few great writers or intellectual giants, and that they have not been distinguished for the building up of large fortunes or the subjugation of physical forces. But as a partial compensation their energies have been concentrated upon the tasks of war and government. In a sense they have monopolized these qualities for the whole Near East. It has been the fashion for some generations to decry the governmental methods of the Turks as antiquated, brutal, coarse and inefficient. There is much truth in all these accusations, yet has not even experienced England shrunk back before the task of controlling the Kurds in their mountain fastnesses? Is it the case that France finds it easy to rule the Syrians, or England the Arabs of Mesopotamia? Do the troubles which Italy encounters in Tripoli and from which she withdrew in Albania indicate that the Turks were inefficient when they held these territories for centuries under

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their control? When inherent difficulties are taken into consideration the Turk is seen to have had a crude sort of efficiency, a very considerable adaptability, and a rough comprehension of the necessities of each situation. His subject peoples did not love him or admire him, but on the whole they feared, respected and obeyed him. If they showed signs of revolt, he could be very rough and brutal with them, but if they avoided this, they might prosper as farmers, miners or merchants. When the Russian peasant soldiers came into the Ottoman Empire in 1877 they were surprised to find that the Bulgarian peasants whom they came to liberate were rich and prosperous as compared with themselves. The Greeks prospered amazingly in Turkey throughout the eighteenth century and until they were rendered suspect by the Greek Revolution. From that time the Armenians prospered as merchants and bankers throughout the whole of Turkey until the later years of the nineteenth century, when some of them, too, began to work for independence, and so aroused political hostility.

It is often asserted that the many attempts at reform which were made in Turkey from the year 1789 until the present were only paper projects, which led to no real and permanent improvements. This is just as far from the truth as it would be to go to the other extreme, and say that the many good laws of this period transformed Turkey thoroughly into a modern state. No doubt many reforming efforts led to illusory results, but on the other hand really vast changes were accomplished gradually in the structure of Turkish government.

It is not impossible that had Turkish affairs been left free from interference on the part of outside influences, internal forces would have carried the country much further forward. The Turks themselves claim that a large proportion of their misfortunes have been due to foreign interference. Whatever may have been the extent of foreign influence, of its existence there can be no doubt. The motives have been various, including the raw yearning for Turkish

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territory, a desire for the mineral resources and commercial opportunities of the region, and the philanthropic aim of helping the oppressed subjects of Turkey, which last purpose has been strengthened by religious opposition to Islam and favor to Christianity. The process has resulted in the separating of numerous territories for the benefit of Russia and Austria, in the setting up of all the Balkan states, and in the acquisition by France, Italy and England of considerable areas to be owned, protected or held under mandates.

The immediate cause of the last phase of Turkish action, in which Anatolia is being cleared wholly of Greeks and Armenians, is the fear that the process of intervention would ultimately leave nothing whatever for Turkey. The Turk could feel no security that, having been divested of all imperial rule over other peoples, he would be permitted to retain national rule in lands where his people were in a distinct majority. The treaty of Sèvres provided that a fairly large area should be set off at the east for the Armenians, while at the west the Greeks should be assigned a territory, which had very suspiciously the appearance of a bridgehead from which the ultimate complete conquest of the peninsula would be accomplished. It has been customary to charge the Turk with untrustworthy diplomacy and slippery intentions. If on the other hand we can imagine ourselves in the position of Turkey, nearly every European power separately considered, and the whole mass of European powers taken together would seem guilty of a series of diplomatic iniquities which are perhaps unparalleled in human history. The Turks have the opinion that western international morality is very low, and unfortunately they can introduce out of their own experience, much evidence toward proving the point. It is a terrible thing that they are driving from homes in Anatolia peoples whose ancestral arrival antedated their own by centuries if not by milleniums. The brutality and cruelty of the process can have no palliation. Nevertheless the process itself is largely the fault of

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the European nations, which fault is shared by our own government. Greeks and Armenians alike have been encouraged to present far-reaching claims, in which they have each asked for the rule of lands in which they had but a small percentage of the population. They have been encouraged to hope for financial and military assistance in setting up for themselves states which would be not merely national, but which would involve imperial rule over Turks and other Moslem peoples. It is, therefore, a matter for no surprise when the Turks fear that they can have no safety in Anatolia or anywhere else where the presence of a Christian element in the population will give the great powers of the world a leverage for the further destruction of Turkey.

So much for an outline of the causes of Turkish decline and of Turkish persistence. These, of course, do not explain precisely why Turkey has shown such remarkable apparent recovery within the last few years. The first reasons for this are to be found in lack of unity among the victors of the late war, in policies followed by them which failed to take into account the actualities of the Near Eastern situation, and in a marked absence in all of them of motives which could be construed as actively or even passively unselfish.

In the years 1915 and 1917 England, France, Russia and Italy made arrangements, reduced to writing, according to which they divided among themselves practically the entire area of Turkey. In 1917 the revolutionary changes in Russia eliminated her partnership in the division. At the same time M. Venizelos, brought into power in Greece by French intervention, was promised a considerable portiion of the Turkish inheritance. At Paris in 1919, victory having been secured and being apparently complete, it was not found easy to reconcile the different desires, promises and agreements as to the disposition of Turkish territory. It became apparent very promptly that many features of the proposed partition were conflicting, or unwise, or impracticable.

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The British at the end of the war against Turkey were in possession of more than had been allotted to them in the secret agreements. The French were in possession of only a fraction of their proposed share. In fact, it might be said that for a year after the armistice they were in possession of none of it, because until November 1, 1919, the British military command was supreme in Asiatic Turkey. Furthermore, there was a strong disposition to withhold from Italy what had been assigned to her. Serious difficulties developed on account of promises made to secure the alliance of the Arabs. Again, the Entente powers and the United States had put themselves on record very strongly as favoring an extensive autonomy, if not the independence, of the Armenians. Finally the promises to M. Venizelos, upheld most skillfully by the charming personality of the man, conflicted with the arrangements with Italy and with the promises to the vanquished Turks.

At Paris the first business was to settle with Germany. Nevertheless from the beginning of the conference there was consideration of the Near East, and efforts to frame territorial and financial solutions of the various problems involved. Representatives of Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Kurds, Assyrians, and others were continually presenting the overlapping claims of their groups. The questions raised were looked upon from different points of view. Certain of the American representatives, and hardly anyone else, felt that the whole situation should be considered with a view to the future peace, order and prosperity of the countries concerned. These idealistic Americans felt that as nearly as possible, a scientific study of the geography, natural resources, and population, and of the wishes of the people in relation to their religious, political, economic and social conditions should be the basis for settlement. The energies of the remaining persons who labored at the Peace Conference upon Near Eastern questions were employed to secure particular and temporary advantages for their own and

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friendly governments in the immediate future, leaving it to further pressure to take care of the remoter outcome.

It is probably not true that a solution of the Turkish problem was postponed long in order to await the formation of American opinion in the matter. As to the fact of postponement there can be no question, because the treaty of Sèvres was not signed until July, 1920. But a large part of the delay was due to the order of procedure adopted at Paris, according to which peace was to be had with Turkey last of all. In July of 1919 Turkish representatives were summoned to Paris. Apparently this was only a gesture of some sort, perhaps determined by fear on the part of the French lest the American Commission on Mandates might have too much influence on the situation. Certainly the treaty with Turkey was not ready, and after a severe talking to, the Turkish representatives were remanded home. In September President Wilson broke down, and while he recovered sufficiently to express in vain some opinions in regard to the treaty that was in preparation for Turkey, it is hard to discern any delay due to his illness. His protests in regard to both the Bulgarian and the Turkish treaty were wholly ignored. It is perhaps the case that there was in the middle of 1919 a certain amount of delay in drawing up some clauses of the treaty with Turkey owing to the possibility that America might be induced by President Wilson to take a mandate for Armenia. The American chief, besides using the information that his supporters had collected assidiously in America and in Paris, sent out two commissions to make special inquiries in Turkey. These were the King-Crane and the Harbord Commissions. But these commissions returned and reported long before the Turkish treaty was ready, and before even the treaty with Bulgaria had been finished.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Lybyer's article on "The Return of the Turk" will be concluded in the June issue of THE FORUM.

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PLAYS THAT COUNT
(1922-3)

By ROLAND HOLT

BY their plays ye shall know them, for after all the play *is* the thing, and *Peer Gynt* will be remembered long after the mediocre plays so splendidly acted by the Moscow Players are forgotten. Also the decent ones are generally the successes, and there has been far less decadent drama this season than last; in fact the plays of 1922-23, in this the world's greatest theatrical city with sixty playhouses, have at times sacrificed emotion to intellect, notably in *Loyalties, R. U. R., Pasteur* and *The World We Live In* (the insect comedy).

Our AMERICAN AUTHORS distinguished themselves. Perhaps the most delightful play of the season, with its humor, courage and idealism, was the Leon Wilson-Kaufman-Connelly *Merton of The Movies,* which, in Guy Bolton's *Polly Preferred,* had a clever, if paler movie sister. Austin Strong furnished an original and moving thoroughbred love story of Paris in his *Seventh Heaven.* "With reservations," Channing Pollock's fable of a New Yorker's "Imitation of Christ" *The Fool* was strong and bracing, though our critics find "hokum" in it. In fact this season "hokum's" all the wear, and too freely applied to American plays to show that the critic thinks they are not up to the more "distinguished" ones writ abroad. For pitiless truth, Lewis Beach's *The Square Peg* and Owen Davis' *Icebound* prove them not unworthy disciples of All-father Ibsen, though Mr. Davis softened his drama with a mellow touch of Howells. Mr. Beach's tragedy told of what the Germans call "a fiend of destruction" such as Hedda Gabler was. Mrs. Huckins was not as young or attractive a woman, but a plump yet deadly efficient mother who brought her family to destruction. Beverly Sitgreaves showed sheer genius in making her plausible. In *Icebound* Owen Davis' "Ben" was a much more convincing and interesting Prodigal Son

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than was his Biblical predecessor. He came home to an orphan's lot and to no fatted calf, but to the shadow of jail—but also to the great love of another orphan. They both had a deadly time with the icebound New England Jordans, who for many years had been taking everything out of the soil of their homestead, and putting only themselves into it. Davis's "Jane," Ibsen's Solveig and Bessier and Edington's Mary Marlowe (in *Secrets*) make a glorious trio of women who loved greatly. Leon Cunningham, in his Mother in *Hospitality,* gave us a noble study of a woman "who never told her love" till she lay dying. Women such as these are a benefaction to their audiences and a blessed relief from such "heroines" as those of *Six Characters in Search of an Author* or of *Rain.*

But comedy is the most characteristic note in American drama. After giving us years ago our most brilliant American comedy *Why Marry?,* Jesse Lynch Williams followed it with his *Why Not?* a thoroughbred, tolerant satire on divorce, with the most sparkling first act of this season. This and *Hospitality* were great credits to *The Equity Players,* who also gave us the Quinteros Brothers' *Malvaloca,* about the reformation of a sinful senorita; Lawson's *Roger Bloomer* about the fidgets and the dreams of a neurotic American boy, with too frequent bits of cheap melodrama and shabbily mounted, and for a few performances only, Charles Rann Kennedy's deeply felt miracle play *The Chastening.* But to return to comedies Rachel Crothers somewhat bettered *Nice People* in her *Mary The Third,* who, with her highly bumptious kid brother, tried to make her parents divorce each other for nothing more than a fit of temper. Although very uneven, Arthur Goodrich's *So This Is London!* had two highly ingenious episodes in which we first see characters as seen in the imagination of two fathers, and then as they really are. George M. Cohan did much for it. Henry Beresford, who made his fame in *Shavings,* greatly increased it in Don Marquis's flavorful *Old Soak,* a telling attack on Prohibition and Fanaticism.

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Fanaticism brings us to *Rain,* which, while fortunately not characteristic of current English plays, is very interesting and very, very off-color. Two Americans, John Colton and Clarence Randolph, to a considerable extent toned it down from Mr. Maugham's novelette *Miss Thompson.* She in the play has been described by Mr. Woolcott in *Vanity Fair* as "a rather pathetic little prostitute fleeing from a raided brothel in San Francisco," and is most convincingly acted by Jeanne Eagles. Even more than to her work we believe the play's success is due to the character of the fanatical missionary, superbly played by Robert Kelly. Many people who hate Prohibition, and consider Mr. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League a fanatic were able at this play at the same time to satisfy their dislike of him and all fanatics. The church has been having a hard time of it in our plays. Rosa Bernd's pious father drove her to ruin. The Fool could find no hope in the church, and it is hard to forget Mr. Belasco's cruel monk, who silently pursued the broken Shylock. In *The Adding Machine,* the audience roared, when told there were few clergymen in the Elysian fields, and Lieut. Charles, who was disposing of souls, as though he were God, ends the play with "I'm sick of the whole lousy job!"

We are glad that other English plays of the season dealt with finer things. Galsworthy's *Loyalties* handled compassionately the conflicts between Jew and Gentile and Ethics and Religion. Monckton Hoff's two plays met undeserved disaster. His *Faithful Heart* concerned a truly noble "illegitimate father," who gave up everything for his daughter. *Lady Christelinda* was a pathetic circus rider, whose portrait was sold as a picture of a saint. Milne's *The Romantic Age* and *The Lucky One* each died in less than thirty days. Bessier (author of the New Theatre's "Don") made from a story by May Edgington, the play *Secrets,* which despite considerable dull sketches, gave us an heroic and loving wife who faced guns or scandal with equal courage. It was refreshing to get, even late in the season, a new play by

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Pinero, one of the finest and sanest of living dramatists. His *Enchanted Cottage* is a wistful, gentle fable that might as well have been called "The Eyes of Love." Beginning with a touching episode of war cripples, it goes through a quaint and very picturesque dream, and ends on a deep note of true love. It turns on a decidedly interesting supernatural happening. William A. Brady gave it a well-nigh perfect production, in which Katherine Cornell, Clara Blandick, Ethel Wright, Gilbert Emery and Noel Tearle especially distinguished themselves. Both this play and the dramatization of *If Winter Comes* (in which Cyril Maude plays Mark Sabre splendidly) are based on fine ideals. It is curious to note that one of our best critics objects to the latter drama, considering it is "filled to the brim with Victorian morality." He had previously illustrated the too prevalent toleration of the tasteless by condoning a notorious play about a brothel.

Though one of our English cousins, SHAKESPEARE deserves a place apart, and in that place we put also Clemence Dane's beautiful and inspiring play *Will Shakespeare,* which did not have the success it so richly merited. Her picture of Shakespeare was cruelly scored by certain critics, but she showed him in his youth, sensitive, high-strung, full of dreams, suffering so from his love for Mary Fitton that she inspired his *Romeo and Juliet,* and yet with a deeper love for England that Queen Elizabeth roused nobly. In these parts Otto Kruger and Haidee Wright will long linger in our memory. Robert Edmond Jones' aggressively immobile scenery killed all illusion in the two Barrymores' Shakespearean productions. Ethel Barrymore's *Juliet* could not stand against it, but John Barrymore's *Hamlet* won out for a run of 101 performances. In like fashion the sheer loveliness and humanity of Jane Cowl's *Juliet* triumphed, with Rollo Peter's sympathetic *Romeo,* over that same Peter's very stingy scenery, which included a New York cellar for the tomb of the Capulets. Much of the beauty that was Irving's was present in some of the lovely scenes with which David Belasco blessed David Warfield's very

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human yet blazing Shylock. That illimitable star-powdered sky above the low-lying Belmont garden was unforgettable.

And now to the ragged Continentals, and while of these "over there" the most ragged are the Russians, nevertheless here in Alexis Tolstoi's *Czar Feyodor, The Moscow Art Theatre* brought us very "glad rags," indeed. In that play their costumes were as superb as their acting in all their repertory of six mediocre pieces, in which their scenery frequently was poor. Their other plays were Gorki's *Lower Depths,* Tchekoff's *Cherry Orchard* and his *Three Sisters,* Turgenieff's short farce *The Lady from the Provinces,* which was played with three brief episodes from Dostiefsky's *The Brothers Karaszamoff.* Strange to say these plays were largely without action. The success of the actors in a tongue unintelligible to most of their audience is certainly a high tribute to their power. They were unsurpassed by any other company in New York, though we cannot see how these Russians could have played *Hamlet, Merton of the Movies, The Square Peg, Peer Gynt* or *Icebound* any better than our own Americans played them. Next honors perhaps should go to the Czecho-Slovakian Capek Brothers with *R. U. R.,* that thrilling allegory of mechanical workmen turned Bolshevik, which is still running, and *The World We Live In,* a very uneven insect comedy, which might have been running still had all its scenes been as powerful as the battle of the ants and the death of the moths. Italy, Spain and Germany each conributed but one noteworthy piece. A devoted band landed, despite its nauseous play within a play (that made the British censor prohibit it, and prevented the play's getting out of New York alive) Pirandello's *Six Characters* (without any character) *in Search of An Author.* The Quinteros Brothers in their *Malvaloca* fell far behind the Capek Brothers. Ethel Barrymore gave one of the finest performances of her career in Hauptman's *Rosa Bernd,* a sort of Silesian *"Tess of the D'Urbevilles."* The *French* fairly swamped us. There were Bataille's ten-

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der and tough plays. His *Tendresse* told of an elderly academician and his young mistress with a few more lovers on the side. After appearing in this, Henry Miller went into a womanless world in Guitry's *Pasteur* without a woman in the play. As the great Doctor and Inventor, he gave for two weeks a splendidly sincere and moving performance. Bataille's *Love Child* probably owes a good part of its long run to its highly suggestive title. Its morals are decidedly "French," and its adapter having localized it here makes it much less plausible. Its conclusion is distinctly moral though, and shows that a love child's "lot is not a happy one." *To Love* by Geraldy, author of the very touching *The Nest,* taught that "hame's best," but was hampered by being limited to only three characters. It's finishing its season on the road. *The Masked Woman* was pretty raw melodrama, but had a fair run. A second and a thin Guitry play is *The Comedian.* While Picard's *Kiki,* thanks to Lenore Ulric and Belasco, is in its second season, the same author's *Red Poppy* (*Mon Homme*) met swift and distastrous failure. There have been three or four more unimportant plays from the French. Mme. Sorel, with real talent and real jewels, gave us two weeks of standard French plays in the original.

In writing this review the data of *The Drama Calendar* of *The New York Drama League* has been of the greatest assistance. Its list of *Sign Post Plays* has been a good help to the best productions. Those appearing in it on March 19th were *Loyalties, Rain, Tsar Feyodor, Romeo and Juliet* (Jane Cowl), *Mary the Third, Peer Gynt, Icebound* and *Pasteur.* This is supplemented with a full annotated list of all other plays on view, followed by an un-annotated one of current musical comedies. While the note on *Rain* warned readers of its unpleasant features, the League's note on *Six Characters* had no such warning, and we think they should not have listed that piece among their chosen. The work of the League, including ten lectures by specialists, is very valuable in training audiences for the best in the drama.

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Though the regular companies of our most famous *Little Theatres, The Provincetown Players* and *The Neighborhood Playhouse* lay off for the season, numerous other Little Theatres gave the only performances of some plays by important playwrights. We have space here to mention only three. New York's famous *Amateur Comedy Club* celebrated Edward Coward's fifty-second year as one of their players by giving his *Nor Locks Nor Bars,* along with Maeterlinck's *Miracle of St. Anthony* and Cabell's *Jewel Merchants.* They also put Pinero's *Trelawney of the Wells* to their credit. It was they, who, in an earlier season, first gave under the title *Why Divorce?* Jesse Lynch Williams' *Why Not? The Washington Square College Players* gave pieces by Synge, Lady Gregory, Barrie, Dunsany, Brighouse, Galsworthy, Stuart Walker, George M. Cohan and others. *The Threshold Players'* long repertory included the first New York production of a Carolina Folk Play, *Off Nag's Head* by Dougald MacMillan, about the disappearance of Theodosia Burr, Yeats' *The Land of Heart's Desire,* Tarkington's *Beauty and the Jacobin,* Constance D'Arcy Mackay's three-act play for children *The Silver Thread,* and a revival by request of Lawrence Housman's skit on the Hereafter, *Possession.*

And now after our long voyage through this season of a hundred and more plays, we come safely home to our own beloved *Theatre Guild.* On March 4th some 1,500 well-wishers, who filled the floor and sat at tables placed in two stories of boxes, attended the Guild's fourth birthday dinner, where it was announced that with its 6,000 subscribers, this fine organization had outgrown the little Garrick, and a campaign was started for a larger theatre. The Guild's the first theatre of America, and perhaps no theatre in the world performs the most distinguished plays more finely. They opened this season with Capek's thought-compelling supernatural melodrama *R. U. R.* It was followed by Milne's slim, rather bitter *The Lucky One.* Then came Claudel's "mystery," *The Tidings Brought to Mary,* often visually

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the most beautiful production this famous organization has made. I know of no greater poet of changing lights than Lee Simonson. With them he turned a bare unprepossessing setting into scenes of poignant beauty. His exquisitely designed and colored costumes were a great aid in making a series of pictures worthy of the old masters. The climax came when the blind leper Violaine, veiled and shrouded in black, like a soul in torment against the fiery sunrise, held her sister's dead baby in her arms, and prayed fervently. Up from the valley sounded afar off the trumpets of the passing King, the air was vibrant with cathedral bells, a glory flooded the suppliant, and in her arms the dead child stirred to life again.

Berlioz wrote a *Fantastic Symphony* for the orchestra, O'Neill wrote one for the stage about a bewildered stoker, and called it *The Hairy Ape,* and now Elmer Rice has done another about a mechanized bookkeeper, and dubbed it *The Adding Machine,* which title equally fits the man and the device that displaces him. The Guild has produced it for all its worth and perhaps for a bit more. As Berlioz had an *idee fixe,* the faithful woman, so Rice, too, has one, most sympathetically played by Margaret Wycherly, while Dudley Digges as suffering, bewildered Mr. Zero is truly wonderful. The Hereafter is as grotesque as in *Liliom,* though the first scene there in the Elysian fields is beautiful, and a pleasing contrast to the terribly sordid bedroom episode in questionable taste with which the play opens. Deems Taylor's music adds distinct glamor to the supernatural scenes. The author's *On Trial,* which made his fame and is much better than his current *It Is the Law,* was nearly perfect of its kind, which cannot be said of this uncertain and more ambitious fantasy, with suggestions of O'Neill, Dunsany and Molnar. Its tone is more courageous and satisfying than that of *The Hairy Ape,* and Zero has a glint of happiness at the end.

In Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* The Guild has reached its climax, in the most beautiful and inspiring production of a noble

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play that I have seen in twenty years. Joseph Schildkraut is magnificent in the title role. In the earlier mountain episodes, with his fine figure and cameo face, he recalls the lovely Siegfried of Alvary. His partings from Solveig and from the dying Ase are exquisitely tender. His change to the cynical traveler of the Morocco episodes is so complete that for some minutes I could not recognize him, and his metamorphosis to the old and broken Peer was as notable. The very young and beautiful Selena Royle made a noble and deeply moving Solveig. In this play as in *Ghosts* its clean and great author utterly damns the sexual vices, that the grotesque and fearsome trolls symbolize. When Peer Gynt is confronted with the Green Brat, broken-hearted he flees from Solveig feeling utterly unworthy of her. In Morocco and in the Cairo madhouse, he moves aimlessly with his sick heart. At last shipwrecked near his Norwegian home, full of remorse, he comes to Solveig with her divinely patient and tender love, only to learn that for all the years of his exile he had been, Solveig tells him,

"In my faith, in my hope, in my love."

And in the arms of this woman, who so splendidly proved that to forgive was divine, the world-weary man dies, and finds his long rest.

THE SIGNAL LIGHT

We stood there in the heavy night,
Hesitant which way to go,
And looking for the signal light that said,
"I am the way!"
Finally he saw it—flaming full,
Against the blackness of that hour . . .
He could not know it was my heart
That hung up there,
Crying to lead him through the mists
To the hearthstone of my waiting world!
He said, "Well, after all, I'll take the unlit path,
I like the element of mystery there,
But its too dark for you—so you wait here,
And I'll come back" . . .
The light burns on!

DORIS KENYON

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

TO add to the confusion that marks Republican leadership, the party in its triumphant march to suicide has now reached a point at which distinguished members are being read out of the party for having independent ideas or, in other words, showing that they have brains.

Former Senator Nathaniel Elsberg, president of the National Republican Club, recently declared in a speech that he would drive out of the party Senators Borah, Johnson and La Follette and would like to see them in the Democratic party "where they belong." Such a statement from a man of the character of Mr. Elsberg might be passed over as a temporary brain storm if it were not for the fact that it represents possibly the opinion of the same reactionary element that stole the nomination from Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 and split the party. Mr. Elsberg had a better political beginning than his remarks would indicate. He was one of the three Senators in the New York legislature who fought Senator Platt and he was a sympathetic, if not a conspicuous, adherent of Theodore Roosevelt. That he lines himself up now with the old reactionary doctrine of Rule or Ruin is lamentable, and the importance of his statement is that it should awaken Republicans who realize that that party which would drive out the little brains associated with it is sadly in need of regeneration.

The idea of Mr. Elsberg that Senators Borah and Johnson, two of the irreconcilables, belong in the Democratic party will amuse the Democrats. And they can well afford to be amused, when the recent elections showed that it was only in the states where men like Johnson and Gifford Pinchot ran that the Republicans made any showing while it was in the states where reactionaries like Governor Miller ran that the party was hopelessly swamped.

It was a man close to President Harding, in fact one of his most intimate

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associates, who declared recently that unless there was a change in the attitude of the Republican management there would be another 1912 movement with probably the same disastrous consequences as far as the Republicans are concerned.

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In the fight for religion and decency nothing is more essential than that those who wear the cloth and are therefore forced to visualize many of the principles at stake should conduct themselves with extreme dignity.

Disdainful in the extreme, therefore, was the statement of a Western minister, secretary of a large church association, who recently declared that he saw nothing in the flapper to reprove, but much to commend. What this unfortunate man meant to say, in all probability, was that he saw nothing reprehensible in the desire of youth to express itself, but to put a ministerial endorsement on the vulgarity and the flippant tendencies of our day was rather to indicate a lack of fitness for the position that this gentleman holds. Too many men like our western friend have learned the trick of getting into print—a sensational statement of any kind, no matter how untruthful or in what bad taste, is almost a sure headline.

* * *

The Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of New York is another gentleman who has mastered the art of the headline. His most recent escapade is to turn his church into a sales room for his books on the rather thin plea that the publishers and the booksellers say they cannot handle them. This is the author's earliest obsession. That anyone who has been quoted as fullsomely by the papers as Dr. Grant should complain of a persecution in his endeavor to obtain publicity is a trifle amusing.

* * *

When Mr. Bonar Law was returned to power with a large majority last November it was predicted that the Conservative party

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had come to stay, at least, for five or six years. The Liberal party was split up in many factions—each one jealous of the other, while its leaders could hope to come to no immediate compromise owing to the bitter words that had passed between them. Labor, who became by its strength, the properly constituted Opposition, while strong in numbers, was felt to be lacking in statesmanship and consequently unlikely to offer a real menance for some time to come.

However, events of the last six months have proven prediction to be entirely useless. Four Government seats have already been lost, including with them two members of the Government itself.

While the immediate causes of the defeats are attributed to domestic issues in the shape of unemployment and the housing problem, it may safely be conjectured that they are not the only causes for dissatisfaction.

It is felt in a great many quarters that Mr. Bonar Law's attitude toward the occupation of the Ruhr has been weak-kneed in the extreme and that a word of encouragement to the French given at the right moment would have helped considerably to relieve the present tension, and that his attitude has merely served to help the Germans stiffen their back against the terms of the Treaty.

While it is impossible to predict what may be the outcome in the near future, it does not augur any too well for a long continuance in power of the Conservative party. It is not too late for Bonar Law to retrieve his slipping power by appointing one of the Conservative Ministers who split at the famous Carlton Club meeting in October to sit in his Cabinet, by attempting to weld every force in the Conservative power into unity, and putting their backs up against the wall. If the present state of affairs continues, it is exceedingly likely that before winter comes, Labor may occupy the front-row benches for the first time in British history.

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DISCUSSION ABOUT BOOKS

AS WE ONCE WERE

BEING "new" countries, Australia and New Zealand cannot be covered in treatises long or short but what much is made of their future and of their similarities to that other "new" country, the United States. Consciously, all who travel "down under" and write about it make these two things salients. Unconsciously, all such writers do something of more value for us Americans. For in so writing they give quite complete descriptions of the United States of the late XIXth Century. He who would look at a concise balance sheet of what this country has lost and gained by growing twenty-five years older will find *Human Australasia** interesting and illuminating.

In Australasia religion is as much divorced from politics as it used to be here—though not a whit more. There, too, prevails the worship of Pan, diluting Christianity, as was the case here before the greater number of Americans became city dwellers. Australasia has not yet fostered slums where undiluted Christianity will always be found and where—in Roman days—it spread fastest. Presenting hope for relief from worldly misery, it is something less sufficing than the "muscular Christianity" of a country which can say "The poor we have not yet with us."

Australasia having neither a very poor class nor a very rich one, still has the hail-fellow-well-met form of democracy which was once known here. There are Americans still living who can remember that it was an insult to an American waiter in some parts of the country, at least, to be offered a tip.

Australasia would be a purgatory for our professional reformers. Every Australasian is steeped in the vice of gambling and is glad of it. An important race meet means a week of holidays. On the under side of the world Personal Liberty is still on Olympus. A man's home is not his still, but yet his castle.

Australasia has not yet developed snobs or bigots or many great scholars. Disconcerting as it may be, it can be stated with truth that Lincoln would probably find himself more at home in Australasian social concepts—with two exceptions—than he would in those of present-day America.

The two exceptions would be the Australasian intolerance of the colored races and the state socialism of both the island continents.

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* *Human Australasia,* by Charles Franklin Thwing. The Macmillan Company.

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The analogy between contemporary Australasia and XIXth Century America could be prolonged. Regardless of its length, there would still be apparent the limitations to such comparison. Australasia has as unique features in its social concepts as in its geography. The latter perhaps is the cause of the former. The Australian, particularly, is determined to keep his country not only white but lily white, and has started a problem the end of which is not yet in sight. He combines his belief in the Nordic races along with the belief in the old Wages Fund Theory. The result is that his country, with an area equal to that of the United States and inhabited by only five and one-half millions, sorely needs labor, yet puts up a rigid wall against all peoples of color, and by no means welcomes even the Anglo-Saxon, if he comes with his saw or his trowel to seek his fortune. How long can such a policy be continued? Were Australia a powerful maritime nation with an unsurpassed navy, its continuance would be limited only by its financial ability to keep rival navies outclassed. But Australia depends on England for such protection. What if things in India came to such a pass that England would have to demand the right of entrance into Australia for some of the millions of the former country? And in the endeavors to make the British Empire self-sufficient with regard to products of agriculture, how can Australia do its share—a share which could liberally be contributed—if she will neither permit of greater immigration from Europe or of the beginning of it from Asia?

It is not altogether an inviting picture which Professor Thwing paints of Australasia. But then, we are the United States of 1923 and his picture strikes us in the manner which United States of 1865 must have looked to Europeans who read of us in the works written by their observers. Fortunately, there were large parts of Europe's population who indulged in no such reading and they came to this country with the brawn which alone could have made the winning of the west possible. Likewise, from our own ports there will some day undoubtedly start an emigration to Australasia which will convert its interior wildernesses into productive areas.

G. S. YORKE.

*THE MAN LINCOLN**

THE Lincoln of Jesse W. Weik's new book is not the schoolboy Lincoln but a human Lincoln, with the incidents in our great President's domestic and home life, together with a definite and searching insight into his activities as a lawyer limned in clear relief. Abraham Lincoln is made to stand among us. Essentially a man of the masses and ever in a position to feel the surgings of great popular feeling, Lincoln quite properly should be portrayed not in deification

**The Real Lincoln,* by Jesse W. Weik. Houghton-Mifflin Company.

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but as mortal man. It is as he would have had his biography had he lived to see it. And thus, walking and talking with Lincoln, we share the magnanimity of his soul, urging ourselves to even higher exaltation of the man.

Not long after the appearance of Herndon's *Life of Lincoln,* in the preparation of which Mr. Weik collaborated, the test of popular opinion indicated that, although Herndon of all persons was best qualified to tell all the truth and had religiously tried to do so, yet, probably due to his advanced age, he had in some respects fallen short of his full task. Mr. Weik's volume repairs many omissions and concentrates its narrative upon that period of the Great Emancipator's life which antedated his elevation to the Presidency—as Mr. Weik prefatorily states: "The doors of his (Lincoln's) office and of his home are made to swing open and the light turned on so that we may indeed view him as a man." Much attention is focussed on Lincoln's love affairs and his predisposition to melancholy.

"The more we learn of Lincoln as a lawyer the clearer and more impressive will be the portrait we shall be able to transmit to posterity." So declares Mr. Weik in his foreword. Those with a leaning to the law, however, would probably greater enjoy Frederic Trevor Hill's *Lincoln the Lawyer,* published in 1906, than the later work, in view of the fact that Mr. Weik seeks to peer only into the lighter and less ponderous side of Lincoln's career as a barrister. Undoubtedly many long-standing notions pertaining to Abraham Lincoln's habitual melancholy will be changed when that part of "The Real Lincoln," treating of Lincoln's heredity, is reached. In the controversy always sure to follow the revelation of such knowledge, who is to say that certain truths are better left unsaid?

Lincoln's overpowering passion for women caused him to bear many heartaches, yet, much to his credit, he lived a pure and virtuous life. Lincoln proposed to one, Ann Rutledge, and later Mary Owens and Sarah Rickard successively declined the honor that might have been theirs. No episode in Lincoln's life has occasioned greater diversity of opinion than the story of his marriage to Mary Todd, as told by Herndon, who, in his account of the wedding, which was first scheduled to take place January 1, 1841, relates: "Nothing was lacking but the groom. For some strange reason he had been delayed. An hour passed and the guests as well as the bride were becoming restless. But they were all doomed to disappointment. Another hour passed; messengers were sent out over town and, each returning with the same report, it became apparent that Lincoln, the principal in this little drama, had purposely failed to appear! The bride, in grief, disappeared to her room; the wedding supper was left untouched; the guests quietly and wonderingly withdrew; the lights in the Edwards mansion were blown out, and darkness settled over all for the night. What the feelings of a lady as sensitive, passionate, and proud as Miss

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Todd were we can only imagine—no one can describe them. By daybreak, after persistent search, Lincoln's friends found him. Restless, gloomy, miserable, desperate, he seemed an object of pity. His friends, Speed among the number, fearing a tragic termination, watched him closely in their rooms day and night. Knives and razors and every instrument that could be used for self-destruction were removed from his reach. . . . His condition began to improve after a few weeks, and a letter written to his partner, John T. Stuart, January 23, 1841, three weeks after the scene at the Edwards house, reveals more perfectly how he felt. He says: 'I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better, I cannot tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better, as it appears to me. I fear I shall be unable to attend to any business here and a change of scene might help me. I can write no more.'" Lincoln finally married Mary Todd one year later. What caused the rift between Lincoln and his bride-to-be in 1841, the world will probably never know.

But his melancholy was persistent, and fairly "dripped" from him as he walked. Robert L. Wilson, who was a member with Lincoln of the Illinois Legislature in 1836, wrote thus to Herndon, February 10, 1866: "Mr. Lincoln told me that although he appeared to enjoy life rapturously, still he was the victim of terrible melancholy. He sought company and indulged in fun and hilarity without restraint or stint as to time; but when by himself he told me that he was so overcome by mental depression he never dared carry a knife in his pocket; and as long as I was intimately acquainted with him previous to his commencement of the practice of the law he never carried a pocket-knife."

How Lincoln impressed Herndon may be judged from the following fragments of his lecture:

"In person and physique it can hardly be said that Mr. Lincoln was either dapper or handsome. Somewhat ill-proportioned in figure, his movements seemed labored, if not at times more or less awkward. He had a sad and rugged face which defied artistic skill to soften or idealize."

Viewing Weik's *Real Lincoln* as a whole, the student of history will be sure to conclude that the elements which predominated in Lincoln's peculiar character were: First, his great capacity and power of reason; second, his conscience and excellent understanding; third, an exalted idea of the sense of right and equity; fourth, his intense veneration of the true and of the good. These limit and define him as a lawyer, an orator, a statesman, and a man. They developed in all the walks of his life; they were his law; they were his nature—they were Abraham Lincoln.

OSBORN F. HEVENER.

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